

Day

On 10

Cash
On hand

Bill
S. 1

Ken
Ba

She Ain't Built that Way.

A girl may join in the laugh of a boy,
She may ram by his side all day
But she can't climb a tree with the same sang
froid.
Because she ain't built that way.

A girl can and have lots of fun,
And play with the boys all day;
But she can't carry marbles in the pockets of
pants,
Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may run and a girl may jump,
And play at lawn tennis all day.
But she can't slide bases as a ball player can,
Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may dance and like every chance
Of playing it off rather gay,
But she can't throw a flap without a mishap,
Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may be foolish or she may be wise,
Not caring what neighbors says;
But she can't shave her pants in the top of her
boots,
Because she ain't built that way.



The Bloody Hunt.

(1)

By an ear witness.

On going to bed last night,
As I laid off my clothes and turned out the light
I heard a voice pleading in piteous strain
Pleading for mercy but pleading in vain.

It was a woman's voice and it touched my heart
And aroused my courage to take her part
I sought my revolver determined to save
A helpless woman though I killed the knave.

I paused at the door and the next I heard
No passion rose then my courage sthd;
Ours the earnest plea of a driven wife
And not a victim pleading for life.

She seemed distress and her pitiful plea
Was not for her life, "but let me be!"
But alas, her plea was of no avail,
For his heart was hard; hard as his tail.

And not withstanding her groans and tears
Her longing for rest, and her terrible fears,
He still insisted to know his wife
Even at the cost of her precious life.

And yet he seemed modest, filled her soul,
And he told her repeatedly for and over,
And he said dearest Retta 'tis hard I will know
But I will be careful, I will go slow.

And now Retta dear, please say if you care
Should I place my hand right up under thine
Underneath your long gown. I'll place it with care
For you will know, sweet Retta my treasure is thine.

O! please don't, dear George, it's awful I am sine
And something you well know I cannot endure.
And had but known I must be come to this
I would sure been contented to live as a Miss.

(2)

O! pshaw, dearest Retta, you sweet little elf.
I'll give you great pleasure as well as myself,
And you know dearest Retta that I have the right
To do as I choose with your person to-night.

But if you're determined I shant have a crack
I'd better turn over and lay back to back,
And until the morning o'er places keep
And see if my Retta can get to sleep.

They both turned over but not to sleep,
For a very long time their places to keep;
For there was man living who could lay in bed
And sleep all night with a maiden-head.

And George but human you very well know
And never intended to give up his "short";
But he kept up his "go-sish" as long as he could
And a night's sight longer than most men would.

She then turned over and resolved to claim
The chosen gear of the bantidile dame
For hours there he had coaxed and plead
For a willing surrender of her maiden-head.

And now as the clock told the moon of night
He resolved to take it or loose a sight
He didn't seem angry he didn't swear
But I knew from the rumpus his hand was there

Said he Retta love, though my heart is tender
I've resolved to do it, and you I must surrender
But before I begin I would like to know
When you had your turns last, how long ago?

I want to begin this thing all right
And not fix you out the very first night
If you must know the truth I will tell
Sept. the twentieth I was unwell.

(3.)

All right said George¹⁷ and a certain sound
Proclaimed the truth that Retta was crowned
Have I got too high or is it too low?²
And sweet Retta I flattened, "Oh, dear! I don't know."

Then followed instant sharp cries of distress
That made me feel awful I must confess
I thought of her misery, how it must struck
Of her helpless condition and bloody stich.

Then her cries became louder, "Oh, don't Oh, dear!"¹⁹
It was dreadful to hear, even painful to hear!
But he said "My dear Retta 'tis a bad job I know
But I will be careful I will go slow.

Yet still dearest darling if you think it best
I'll stop for a while and give you a rest
I heard him roll over, she used to weep
I listened a moment and then fell asleep.

But soon I was aroused by cries of pain²¹
But I knew that the villain was at her again
How deaf to her moaning, her groans and her sighs
Dear George like a pirate bore down on his prize

The struggle waxed hotter as the end drew nigh
The bed ceased to squeak and I heard him sigh
The conflict now over the great victory gained
The blood had been shed and garments stained.

Said George get up Retta, get up! and she got
And in less than a moment was riding the post
But the thing acted badly cut up many tricks
And Retta was certain she had got in a fix.

They both got excited and struck up a fight,
 And looked in the vessel and found it all right.
 Then looked into their bed both quietly awoke
 And the thing being over & soon fell asleep.

(4)

ALWAYS TAKE MOTHER'S ADVICE.

Always take mothers advice she knows
 what is best for your good, let her kind
 words then suffice and never speak hasty
 or rude, to you in this world she is dearer,
 to you in this world she is nearer, at your
 down-fall her grief is severer, so don't
 cause her sorrow or pain.

Chorus.

Always take mothers advice she knows
 what is best for your good let her kind
 words then suffice and always take moth-
 er's advice.

Honor your mother so dear, she knows
 what is best for your good, respect her
 gray hairs while she is here, you will be sad
 when she leaves you alone in this world.
 You will never have another in this weary
 world is no other and God only gives you
 one mother, so cherish and love her most
 dear.

Chorus.

Always take mother's advice, she knows
 what is best for your good, let her kind
 words then suffice and always take mother's
 advice.

EYE FLIRTATION.

Winking right eye, I love you.
 Winking the left eye, I hate you.
 Winking both eyes, Yes.
 Winking both eyes at , We are
 watched.
 Winking right eye twice, I am engaged.
 Winking left eye twice, I am married.
 Dropping the eyelids, May I kiss you.
 Raising the eyebrows, Kiss me.
 Closing left eye slowly, Try and love me.
 Closing right eye slowly, You are beauti-
 ful.
 Covering both eyes with both hands,
 Bye-bye.
 Placing right forefinger to right eye,
 Do you love me?
 Placing the left finger to left eye,
 May I C. U. Home.
 Placing right forefinger to left eye,
 You are handsome.
 Placing left third finger to left eye,
 So are you.
 Placing right little finger to the right
 eye, Arn't you ashamed?

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

As Kattie was viewing herself in the glass she resolved to see both her cunt and her ass. Says she dearest Madam I will have a fine view, for my cunt it resembles the mouth of a jew.

So she called in Sophia her own servant maid to get her a painter a painter by trade a painter whose name it was Jack to color her cunt which was thundering black.

So in came Jack with his prick in his hand to see Kattie naked it made his prick stand. Says she dear Jack don't stand in a fright, can you color a black cunt and make it look white.

So he laid her down on the broad of her back and ran twelve inches right into her crack. Oh, she wabbled and scrawled and said she would faint; Oh, dear Jack just wait a minute I'm "just going to paint."

Oh, my cunt its as juicy as juicy can be. It resembles an orange that grows on a tree you can suck it or fuck it do just as you please, and the hairs of my ass you can count at your ease. "Star."

THE LONG KANGEROO.



I am a stout Irish Paddy, I never deny it. In simple amusement I've lead my whole life, I mean to live single and let my money gingle, I never intend to marry a wife, for I've traveled through England, and through all parts of Scotland, the green hills of Erin I've lately went through. Oh, my stout occupation without hesitation is pleasing young girls with my long Kangeroo.

There was a rich lady who lived in Manchester, whose husband was married for seven long years. She winked at me slyly and at me cast an eye, saying Paddy your the boy I love dear. For I know by your eye your the boy that can do it, and unto me arms she instantly flew, fifty bright guineas, she slipped into me pocket to tickle her tale with me long Kangeroo.

There was a rich lady who heard of his doings, and sent for O'Carroll to come in great haste. Saying the greatest of pleasure, I'll now do unto you if you will but show this comical beast. For I've seen all the birds and beasts of the tower, from the man beast to the wild cocadoo. From the day I was born to this very hour I never saw the bird called the long Kangeroo.

I turned around to this fair lady and offered her every thing that was just, saying dearest madam this thing that I speak of is really neither a bird or a beast, but a wad of prod flesh something less than me arm and out of me belly spontaneously grew. Its place of concealment one span from me navel, for talk sake they call it the long Kangeroo.

When this fair lady see what I was after she turned like one in amaze. She turned around and to her bed-chamber saying Paddy O'Carroll this way if you please and what we done there I will leave for you to guess at. The holy performance that night we went through. Fifty bright guineas she slipped in me pocket, wasn't that a pretty picking for me long Kangeroo.

When the job it was over faith she was in clover saying Paddy O'Carroll your the boy I love dear and if you'll consent to live with me I'll make you a lord of ten thous. and a year. I thanked her kindly and said I was married. My stout occupation I pursue. So that is the story which addeth much glory to Paddy O'Carroll and his long Kangeroo.

Break It Off And Let It Stay.

Put your arms around me darling,
Kiss my cheeks until they blush,
Tickle me until I tremble,
If I murmur make me blush.

Draw me close to you darling,
Put your arms beneath my dress,
Take me to your bed-room dear one,
Give me what I love the best.

Give it to me neatly darling,
Rip me open if you can,
Draw me close to you darling,
What is life without a man.

Push it into me my darling,
You can please me if you try,
Keep it up a little longer,
Do it soon and let it die.

Drive it up into my belly,
Fuck me until I faint away,
Try and tear my cunt wide open,
Break it off and let it stay.

Star Co., Fort Plain, N. Y.

A DROP OF INK.

A drop of ink—how much it holds,
Upon my pen point newly wet;
A brilliant fancy it enfolds,
Perhaps, if I could only get
It rightly spread upon the sheet
Of paper, spotless, free from stain—
Alas! I gaze out in the street
And chew my pen holder in vain.

Maybe within that inky drop
A poem lies, designed for fame;
But I can't reach Parnassus' top
Because, you see, my feet are lame.
An epigram it may contain
Replete with wisdom and with wit,
I'm sure it would not make me vain
If Fate would let me make a hit.

But while I'm speculating here,
The ink will dry upon my pen;
I'll cast aside all doubt and fear,
Maybe my Fate will help me then.
All men of genius, I suppose,
Dash down their burning thoughts red hot—
I'll do the same myself—Here goes!
By Jove! I've only made a blot!

Somerville Journal.

R. U. ONIT, U. R. WRIGHT,
ONIT & WRIGHT.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Ladies Underwear.

200 Cundum St., GREENBUSH, N. Y.
Ladies' Drawers made to order by measurement or can be
taken (if agreeable) by the celebrated split pattern.
picnic drawers a specialty - Made with turn-over flaps.

R. U. A. Cramer, Agent.

R.U. A. Cramer, Agent.

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Dear Nellie: May I have the pleasure
of your company to the dance this evening?
If so, meet me at 8 o'clock.

Ever yours,
(ON THE WAY.) W. Y. O. D.

SHE:—Say, Will, what made you sign
"W. Y. O. D"?

He:—Willie Your Own Impression

SHE:—Mother and I thought it must
Wear You.

Wear Your Open Drawers—and I did it

(Over.)

A Girl's Toast.

She laid on the bed stark naked, so round and chilly and I beside her naked leg, while each hand clasp her bubble. I kissed her lips with crazy glee, beneath her chin did chatter, and then our legs did entwine, I then began to fuck her. Pull it out she cried don't spit inside for I will get in trouble. I laid on her snowy breast the stream did squirt and bubble. I gazed into her frightened eyes and full of laughter burst I said my dear that is the youngest child you ever nursed. She scooped it up with one fair hand and laughed a soft ha, ha, and she threw it in my face and said child go and kiss your pa. Star.

(7)

"Fortune May 5. 1888"

Stating that I was a lover of fast horses, and hoped to fast to suit me, and would make a good short hand writer, and would be a good Mechanic over Merchant, and could write at fair hand, would marry 2 wives one with "first wife" light eyes and dark hair, and the other short with wide shoulders with dark eyes and light hair, and could eat ~~much~~ much bread as four men in England, and would go to Canada and back, would live to be very old, but now was very much afraid of life thinking it would be to short and from memory was very short, took after my father and was a lover of water and would own a piece of land something like this and about the age of 26 money would be plunked out would be fully well off, would marry fair good girl but it would be too long to say some day would have plenty of horses, have them in a large barn in box stalls and could never get one fast enough to drive

8

BLOOD HUNT.

BY AN EAR WITNESS.

On going to bed last night
 As I laid off my clothes and turned out the light
 I heard a voice pleading in piteous strain
 Pleading for mercy but pleading in vain.
 'Twas a woman's voice and it touched my heart
 And aroused my courage to take her part
 I sought my revolver, determined to save
 A helpless woman though I killed the knave.
 I paused at the door and the next I heard
 My passion rose then my courage strived;
 'Twas the earnest plea of a virgin wife
 And not a victim pleading for life.
 She seemed distressed and her pitiful plea
 Was not for her life "But let me be"
 But alas her plea was of no avail,
 For his heart was hard; hard as his tail.
 And notwithstanding her groans and her tears
 Her longing for rest and her terrible fears,
 He still persisted to know his wife
 Even at the cost of her precious life.
 And yet he seemed modest, pitted her sore
 And he told her respectfully s'er a' o'er,
 And he said dearest Retta 'tis hard I well know
 But I will be careful I will go slow.
 And now Retta dear, please say if you care
 Should I place my hand right up under there
 Underneath your long gown, I'll place it with care
 For you well know, sweet Retta my treasure is there.
 O! please don't dear George, it's awfull I am sure
 And something you well know I cannot endure
 If I had but known I must come to this
 I would sure be contented to live as a Miss.
 "O! pshaw," dearest Retta your sweet little elf,
 It'll give you great pleasure as well as myself,
 And you know dearest Retta that I have the right
 To do as I choose with your person to-night.
 But if you're determined I shant have a crack
 We'd better turn over and lay back to back.
 And until the morning our places to keep
 And see if my Retta can get to sleep.
 They both turned over but not to sleep,
 Nor not very long their places to keep;
 For there's no man living who could lay in bed
 And sleep all night with a maiden-head.
 And George but human you very well know
 And never intended to give up his "show,"
 But he kept up his "posh" as long as he could
 And a night sight longer than most men would.
 He then turned over and resolved to claim
 The chromo gem of the beautiful dame
 For hours he had coaxed and plead
 For a willing surrender of her maiden-head.
 And now as the clock told the noon of night
 He resolved to take it or loose a fight
 He didn't seem angry he didn't swear
 But I knew from the rumpus his hand was there.
 Said he Retta-love, though my heart is tender
 I've resolved to do it, and you must surrender
 But before I begin I would like to know
 When you had your turns last, how long ago.
 I want to begin this thing all right
 And not fix you out the very first night
 If you must know the truth I will tell
 September the twentieth I was unwell.
 All right said George and a certain sound
 Proclaimed the truth that Retta was crowned
 Have I got too high or is it too low?
 And sweet Retta flattered, "Oh, dear I don't know.
 Then followed instant sharp cries of distress
 That made me feel awful I must confess
 I thought of her misery, how it must hurt
 Of her helpless condition and bloody shirt.
 Then her cries became bolder, "Oh, don't Oh, dear!"
 It was dreadful to hear, even painful to hear!
 But he said my dear Retta 'tis a bad job I know
 But I will be careful, I will go slow.
 Yet still dearest darling if you think it best
 I'll stop for a while and give you a rest
 I heard him roll over, she dared to weep
 I listened a moment and then fell asleep.
 But soon I was aroused by cries of pain
 Then I knew that the villain was at her again
 Now deaf to her moaning, her groans and her sighs
 Dear George like a Pirate bore down on his prize.
 The struggle waxed hotter as the end drew nigh
 The bed ceased to squeak and I heard him sigh
 The conflict now over the great victory gained
 Though blood had been shed and garments stained,
 Said George get up Retta, get up! and she got
 And in less than a moment was riding the pot
 But the thing acted badly cut up many tricks
 And Retta was certain she had got into a fix.
 They both got excited and struck up a fight,
 And looked in the very sand found it all right
 Then into their bed both quietly crept,
 And the thing being over I soon fell asleep.

STAR print.

Long Kangeroo.

I am a stout Irish Paddy, I never deny it,
In simple amusement I've lead my whole life,
I mean to live single and let my money gingle,
I never intend to marry a wife, for
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WE NEVER SPEAK AS WE PASS BY.

We started off on our summer trips,
With a clean bold shirt and a well wine'd
The first town reach I to late to deem,
When we canot work we have some fun,
We start out on the busy street,
To see if we can't find fresh meet,
Were almost sure we cannot fail,
For every town is full of tail.
We slyly wink as we pass by.
She's all broke up, Oh my, Oh my,
All things are filled in very short time,
The sole is made; its in our line.
We start out on our second week,
Has'tn't he been good', well I should snicker
But what is this in nine days time,
My god! it hurts to link our brine.
We loudly call let us be gin,
Our grips are packed with medicing,
And as we finely bite a nail
Now we never again will take for tail.
We gently moove and sadly sigh,
As "Doctor" says ten and with his eye,
We go off wise but sadder men,
But the very next trip we catch it again.

(9)

THE SELWOODS' GALA DAY.

Their Field Day and Clam Bake a Big Success—The Prize Winners.

Given a beautiful day, a large, good-natured crowd, lots of pretty girls, entrancing music, exciting athletic contests, good races, dancing and amusements galore, and what more could the most exacting require. Selwood hose company was favored with all these conditions at their field day and clam bake yesterday. Early in the day people began to arrive from the surrounding country and by 11 o'clock, when the parade took place, the streets were thronged. The line of march was through the principal streets of the village in the following order:

Platoon of Police.
Salt Springville Band.
Excelsior Fire Co., Cherry Valley.
Cherry Valley Hose Co.
Protection E. and H. Co., Canajoharie.
Old Fort Plain Band.
Fort Plain Turn Verein.
Hydrant Hose Co.
Selwood Hose Co.

THE SPORTS.

The programme of events as printed was carried out with the following results:

10 mile bicycle race—Davis, Utica, 1; Vosburg, Utica, 2; Kelsey, Clinton, 3. Time, 39 min.

100 yards dash—Templeton, 1; Coppernoll, 2; Booth, 3. Time, 10½.

Running high jump—D. Carpenter, 1; Templeton, 2; Booth, 3.

But one heat was trotted in the free-for-all race, between D. C. Gibson and Smith Sanders, St. Johnsville; won by Gibson.

Trotting race (3 minute class)—James Fisher's Annie E, 1; Irvin Miller's Billy M, 2.

One mile bicycle race—Davis, 1; Kell was a very interesting event and created considerable excitement, Davis, the "scratch" man, winning in good form. half, but ran to close to the edge while making the first turn in the second half and capsized.

One mile foot race—McCarty, 1; Prowl, 2; D. Carpenter, 3. Time, 5:9½.

One-fourth mile slow bicycle race—Davis, 1; Vosburg, 2.

150 yards dash (handicap)—Perry Goodbread, St. Johnsville, 1; Jas. Copernoll, 2; Templeton, 3.

Sack race—C. Carpenter, 1; N. Fancher, 2.

Half-mile "hands off" bicycle race—Davis, 1; A. A. Miller, 2; Bert Miller, 3.

Half-mile walk—C. B. Ross, 1; E. Dil lenback, 2; C. McCarty, 3.

100 yards dash (scratch)—Templeton, 1; Coppernoll, 2; Goodbread, 3.

Half-mile foot race—D. Carpenter, 1; McCarty, 2; Templeton, 3.

Boys' race (½ mile)—P. Carpenter, 1; N. Fancher, 2.

THE SPECIAL PRIZES

were awarded as follows: Fattest man, Frank Vandewalker, Cherry Valley; man with largest family, C. W. Mere ness; hungriest man, F. Fayant; dirtiest fireman, G. W. Eggleston, Cherry Valley; largest fireman, Nathan L. Dingman, Canajoharie; baldest firemen, Edwin Judd, Cherry Valley; largest company Protections, Canajoharie; smallest company, Excelsior Hose, Cherry Valley; leanest man, Ned McFee, Cherry Valley; satest appearing fireman, White, Canajoharie; smallest baby on grounds, child of Seth Van Alstyne. The prize waltz in the evening was won by Miss Estelle Yerdon and Thos. Templeton.

The prizes were donated by the following business houses:

Vedder & Snyder horse blanket; McKee & Parr bicycle shoes; C. G. Wock gold scarf pin; W. E. Dieendorf tennis racquet; L. E. Glaesel Oxford ties; J. W. Norton fancy tobacco; Jus tins Wagner straw hat; A. Heninger pair shoes; Maylander dish pan; J. W. Dieendorf briar pipe; E. S. Gregory box cigars; Geo. O'Connor pair rubbers; J. P. Grant sugar flour; Williams man's carpet sweater; Devos & Shimway Sons Bros. cane; Wood & Smith bottle blackberry brandy; Linter bottle 7½.

How that she longed
for, never came. (10)

Is there blood upon my shirt
Was the question that she asked
As she sat upon the pot one summer
My God, I am awful blue
For I am two months over due,
I am afraid I am cracked up higher than a ~~big~~
She yurned ~~cause~~ it by is ~~the~~ a little in me
Is there a little kid in me
And no one in God's world that knows it,
And she swallowed female pills
And got pale around the gills.
For the flowers that she longed
for never came
Chorus.

Is it that bald head ~~drummer~~
That stayid with me last summer
And who sneaked away without telling me
his name.

And she worried from morn till night
While her abdomen grew light.
For the flowers that she longed
for never came.

No 2

In a cat house now she stays
The kids got a pair of wings
Its checks was cashed the day it was born.
Mama looks a little rough
And she talks a tigle rough.
But the boys don't get there now with
out the colic.
She don't runnun any more.
She a common old Whore
Her title one was budget now its name
She the lilly of the town
Wears a red whorum Hubbard gown.
For the flowers that she longed
for never came.

Chorus.

K. J.

She's forgot her red hared mother.
 She's no time for a lover
 She brand new but she act then just the
 And now with Spirits light
 She makes her fire sat night
 For the flowers that she longed
 for never came.

Star press 25.

Toots.

Oh, here's to the man from Dundee
 Who gets on a hell of a spree
 Who winds up the clock with the
 head of his cock and fucks his
 wife with the key.

Oh, here's to the lass with a nice
 fat ass and a baby knows how
 too handle but damn an old maid
 who don't know her trade
 and exams herself with a candle.

Here's to the girl on a lark who
 will never ~~goes out~~ fuck after dark.
 But who has got the brass to
 show up her ass and make
 you go off like a spark.

Here's to the fellow with pluck
 who will go for a damn good fuck
 who isn't afraid to break up to
 a maid and put it there just
 once for luck.

60
Says to the girl that's not
afraid 10 inches for to hand
But dam an old maid
who is afraid and crams her
self with a scandal.

Heeres to the fellow with the key
that's unlocks the lock above
the knee but here to the girl
that's not afraid and lets
him unlock it when ever
he chooses.

11

(12)

Under the Garden Wall.

I went to see behind a tree,
 Under the garden wall, ^(glee)
 But a sight which I saw filled me with
 Ah first it was dark, but last I made
 A male and a female were there without doubt;
 I was not long in guessing what they were about,

CHOIROS:-

Under the garden wall,
 The fellow was young and ¹³ bold,
 The lady was ¹³ beyond compare,
 And all ¹³ the ¹³ tab I was there
 Her cloathes were up and she was bare
 Under the garden wall.

I saw a pair of delightful things,
 And he had a tool of enormous size,
 I heard him ~~exclaim~~ what a beauty dear I am;
 Be quick, you old darling, and put it all in;
 Go gently at first, or you'll split my quim,
 I heard her quink, I heard her groan,
 And she said, now, Jim, send it right home,
 The sight gave ~~me~~ palpitation of the heart,
 For now she ~~cooed~~ with his blooming dark
 With excitement one of them at a big park,
 my prick got stiff against the tree,
 And I had no inclination to see,

The sight gave me a peculiar shock,
I found I was pulling my sensitive cock;
They had the real torture and I had the mock,
Under the garden wall.

14

A Y G E.

C. C. M.

O Jimmy come fuck me, I'm dying for skin,
To do without it any longer would be a great sin,
I have suffered for years, I've been fucked only twice,
And for the third shot I would pay a big price.
I know you would like it, the feeling is rich,
For the fellow that fucked me said, O! you sweet bitch,
You will kill me with pleasure, but O! let me die,
For I felt as though both soul and body would fly.
Perhaps I might tell of a streak of good luck,
That happened to me at my maiden-head fuck,
Were I at your ears I would lisp it in tones,
That would cause the congestion to take place in your stones.
I was out with Dick Jones, in the straw berry patch,
When he offered me a quarter to look at my snatch,
Said I O! your quarter I don't wish to steal it,
But as for my snatch you can step up and feel it.
So he sted up to me put his arms around my waste,
We both drew our breath in a mighty great haste,
I sank on my knees in the pretty green grass,
And soon felt his fingers a ticklin' my ass.
I jumped an inch back and bless his dear soul,
His fingers were in a more tickling hole,
I pitted his fingers, for I knew they would smell,
And then he would wish he had stuck them in hell.
When his fingers got slippery he took them away,
And began with his old tootle-wacker to play,
He then laid me down on the flat of my back,
And swore that he wanted to open my crack.
His tool was as large as a big ear of corn,
The largest I had seen since the day I was born.
But my snatch felt as though it would swallow a dog,
Or chew a mans roller as big as a log.
My clothes flew up and my heels flew up too,
And the head of his dodger looked awfully blue,
When it came in contact with the lips of my snatch,
He wiggled his ass and began for to scratch.
But he presently found he was in the wrong box,
For his prick had a head like the heart of an ox,
To shove it any further he feared it would tear,
And I didn't tell him I didn't care.
But when he had shuffled and bowed up his back,
The head of his dodger slip'd out of the crack,
When he attempted to make the next pass,
The oyster soup ran all over my ass.
Then his courage revived, and he at me again,
And though he did hurt me I did not complain,
For I was determined though blood should be spilt,
That in it should go, and that up to the blit.
And in it did go to the har and its roots,
And I wished that his bollox had went into boot,
for never did I since the day of my birth,
Expect such good feelings existed on earth.
My legs flew up with my heels in his ass,
And I at the same time tore up handfuls full of grass,
While his tool was playing a ninch inch sweep,
Backwards and forward as fast as a sheep.
But I presently thought he had poured out his soul,
For I felt that a tide in my belly did roll,
But soon out came his dodger all lumber and greeey,
And had the appearance of being more easy.
Then his bollox swung round like the weights of a clock,
Much lower I think than the head of his cock,
And then he proposed he would take a short rest,
He thought the next fuck would be the best.
But I thought that his prick would never rise from the dead,
So I took my fingers and tickled the head,
Signs of life did appear and a growing began,
And then I looked forward for a little more fun.
It presently got to its former large size,
And I wish he had made it reach clear to my eyes,
The next time it went in with the greatest of ease,
For the first shot did all the machinery grease.
Then heven what feeling all through me did flit,
So glorious good I thought I should shit,
But how could I shit while here on the ground,
For my snatch it was stretched till no ass could be found.

Home and Vicinity.

As I was riding through
the park, I met my love
with aching heart, who said
young man, you wounded me,
that I had come back and
wound me, and when we
apart strings were long,
you followed me through frost
and snow but you they
reach me to my chin, you
pass me by land and took
fire, must I go to the man
that don't a wife, must I sit
and play at a blues last to please
the man high broken my heart.

Chorus.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
that my child was born in
its father's name and it was
dead and in my grave
and the tall green grass
above me grow.

HOME AND VICINITY.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26, 1888.

THE GOOSEVILLE CHRISTMAS TREE

BY A. T. WORDEN, OF AMES, N. Y.

There's them that ain't no sort of sacredness or awe. But simply stand and goggle 'till the majesty of law, With holy days and seasons, will make themselves too free, And spite things as they did last year at the Gooseville Christmas tree.

The hull durned thing was sorter new, for Christmases before. The Sweatmans bought the Hilyard place and opened up a store. The children hung their stockin's up along the man-o'-tree. And eat mince pie and turkey and got sick justnally.

But the Sweatmans giv the town a boom, the daughter led the choir. And sing new fangled opera times, that shocked old Deacon Dyer. And Sweatman got a tellerphone and fire-proof box sine tank. I swum, I thought the way we growed we'd need a Gooseville bank.

But sum'now, the store is closed, the Sweatmans moved away. The cedar poles of the tellerphone was pulled up tother day. The ker'sine tank and ice box we never more shall see. And all along of the ribuld works at the Gooseville Christmas tree.

Miss Sweatman meant well, I suppose, but a tree was somethin' ne. An innovation of the town, and a mighty big one too. And she give out that every one she hoped would now feel free. To hang their presents for their friends on the Gooseville Christmas tree.

And it ain't no us denyin', it was a purty sight; The church packed full, the big spruce tree all glimmerin' with light. And handkerchers and ribbons and books and things you'd see. Clear from the floor to ceiling on the Gooseville Christmas tree.

Miss Sweatman sung a solo appropriat' to the day, And then young tellers called out names and huzzed the things away. Such sleds and dolls and candy bags I never yet did see. And happy little children, at the Gooseville Christmas tree.

But then I think the meetin' sort of run agin a snag; They handed out old colored Pete a chicken in a bag, And Lawyer Fox a little can of concentrated lye; Which perhaps you think was funny, but I tell it with a sigh.

These things went on from bad to wuss; Miss Banks a proud old maid. She got a wooden man, labeled: "Still sound, tho' sum' delayed." And them jewell tellers what Paul calls "them of lesser sort." Way back around the stoves, you orto hear 'em laugh and snort.

And still the entertainment might hav ended with *etc.* If the Deacon's wife had not received a monstrous great big jaw. And Mr. Sweatman he was told how he might double sales, And someone held before his view an honest pair of scales.

I've allus held that any joke the p'int was plain to view, And allus pleasant if the p'int ain't stickin' into yew; But drin' jokes that stab a man, it's allus seemed tew me. The very poorest place on earth behind a Christmas tree.

Then Deacon Dyer rose to speak and turned around and smiled. And somethin' hit him in the ear that smelled as if 'twas sal'd, And colored Pete got in the aisle and butted with his head. Till some one kicked him in the shins and left him there for dead.

The children scurried through the door, the women followed suit, while Lawyer Fox took off his coat and called Dan Ames a brute. Miss Banks she swung her wooden man and threw it just for luck, Regardless that old Elder Flun was the feller that it struck.

Somebody knocked old Sweatman down and jammed him in a pew, While some one tried to yank him out and pulled his coat in two. About a dozen had black eyes and noses sad to see, Was gathered from the branches of the Gooseville Christmas tree.

We get our presents now in plates, or stockin's as of yore. We're slow on innovations since old Sweatman closed his store. We still believe in progress and encourage new ideas. Like tellerphones and railroads, but we'm down on Christmas trees.

SOLILOQUY OF A NOTED PIANO.

BY FRANK HENNESSY.

They bought me at an auction, And took me from a home, The very thought of living Caused my pedal keys to groan; For there I had been cherished And caressed by hand fair, My heart throbs all wan' tneaful With the voices that dwelt there; My surroundings were perfection, Everywhere refinement gleamed, A home of peace and happiness, A paradise it seemed.

For they were cultured souls lived there, Who the muses understood, Not shrikers like surround me now, Who don't know bad from good; Yet to hear them talk you'd ~~most think~~ That Mozart lived again, And the way they kill the master's work Has often caused me pain; But hotel life is different To the one that I've been used, Its occupants conundrums, I'm here to be abused.

My acquaintances oft differ, Their ideas of music clash; Bad composers often force me To assist in writing trash, And the way they do insult me When I fail to harmonize With their voices harsh, untutored, Would from Heyden's soul bring ~~cries~~ Such as they who dare to offer From a brain and soul inspired, And steal honors due another, Make my heavy wires tired.

The many different thumpers That seem to take delight In knocking me all out of tune, Must bear me some great spite; The different members of the troupes That play in the Town Hall, All find me out before they leave, And make a friendly call; The ones that cannot read a note Are full of bloof pretense, And the claims they lay to authorship Do my feelings much incense.

A dramatic show was here last week; The leading lady sang, That is, she made a bid attempt; Oh, how her bad voice rang As she struggled with "Sweet Violets" And the "Sailor Girl's Return," I think could be hear her voice again. Her entreaties he would spurn; Her last she claimed original: "When My Weary Heart's at Rest," I pray if she only meant her voice They'd soon grant her request.

The minstrels when they come to town, Invariably call on me; The baritone wants new minor chords, While the tenor tries high C; The alto thinks that he should get A chance to sing a song; The bass avers that he is right And the rest are always wrong; The comedian sings all out of tune, And really thinks it's nice, While the dancer very seldom Can boast about his voice.

A variety company once played here, A vandette troupe, so called, They were not ten minutes in the house When I was overhanded; The Dutch team they could warble, And claimed to be refined, They said their stuff was original, And they never got behind; The Irish comedian tried a song He'd stole from Tony Hart, He said he'd quit the specialty biz If he could learn a part.

The song and dance men badly sung; "We're Just From Tennessee," I wish they'd never left their home To come and bother me; Then the sero comic, With a Texas circuit voice, She once was pet of Dallas, And made cowboys' hearts rejoice; Her days of frontier life are o'er, And now she intimates She will make a circuit of the rinks, And do something new on skates.

It seems to me there is no hope, My life must thus continue, They will not cease to torture me Till they wear out every sinew; I long so much for peaceful rest, If I could but expire, My only hope is that this ranch Will soon go up in fire; To-day the greatest ordeal came, It made my poor heart sigh, To hear the chamber-maid try to warble "Good Bye, My Lover, Good Bye."

SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO

Come, mother, put your knittin' down, you've gone enough to-night; It isn't good for them old eyes to work by candle light. They ain't as flasy as they was ~~so~~ thirty years ago. When at the old red meetin' house I used to come your beau. The big-principled meetin' was a runnin' at the time.

At Preacher Gil's sermons fish a makin' sinners clean. The mornin's' bachelors wouldn't hold the crowds that toward went To seek salvation from the Lord and over their sins lament.

Up in the "amen corner" you would always take your seat, An' line in with the singin' in a voice so mister sweet. That ofentimes I've shut my eyes, and full tingled you. War act'ly an angel sent to help the meetin' through, I yurn out how "Amazin' Grace" a wavin' from your lips Would make me feel like I war' 'witched, cl'r to the finger tips, An' "Sinner Turn, Why Will Ye Die," you sung so feelin'y, I swow it made me think you sung especially at me.

I reckon for a dozen nights I sat back near the door, An' when the benediction come I'd sweat from every pore, Because I have detarnined far to offer you my arm, An' ax if I might see you home, across your father's farm; But when I'd take my place in line outside the little church, An' see you comin' through the door, my heart'd give a lurch, An' thar I'd stand dumb as a fool, an' swaller at the chokes Till you war' half way down the lane along with all your folks.

I swan to goodness, mother, if it doesn't make me laugh To think of me a standin' that, a great big bashful gal, Without a spark of courage fur to make a move, although I didn't think you'd suck me, fur you had no other beau. But one night I remember, I war' sittin' in the rear, When Cyrus Hawkins nudged my arm, an' whispered in my ear: "Jist watch me w'en the meetin's out an' you will see a sight." I'm goin' to ax Jane Hall if I kin beau her home to-night.

Jemima crickets! but the words jist ent me like a dart, An' it war' all that I could do to swaller down my heart; An' then an' there I silent vowed that I would be a lout To let that slouchy, freckled fool step in an' cut me out. So when the old doxology were bein' sung, I *creep* Outside ahead of all the rest an' stood upon the step, An' when I staggered up to you, a wobblin' in the knees, You tuk my arm an' off we went as cosy as you please.

Do you remember, mother, how I never spoke a word Till we war' nearly half-way home? I swow, it was absurd— But then I'd never had a gal hitched to me that-a-way, And I'll be blest if I could think of anything to say. 'Twar you as broke the solitude, an' tried to start the talk, Observin' twar a lovely night, an' splendid fur a walk, An' my memory serves me right my farnal bashfulness Condensed my answer to a sort o' whispered half-skereed "yes."

Well, mother, 'twar a funny start, but I'dess the lord above, It ended in a double case of unresistful love— When we got more acquainted I expect I talked as good As any love-sick country boy in our whole neighborhood, An' after the revival broke I didn't stand no more An' wait fur you, proud as a king outside the church's door, But then that didn't break us off, not by a plagiay sight, Because I went a courtin' you most every Sunday night.

An', mother, do you mind that blessed day in early Spring, When the bees begun to hum around an' birds begun to sing? I found you in the pastur lot a milkin' an' I told The story of the burnin' love that in my bosom roiled, Je-whiz! but how the milk did fly; you squeezed so farnal hard The heifer kicked the bucket nearly half across the yard An' when I fetched it back agin an' tuk you by the hand, Your look made me the happiest man in all this Yankee land.

Fur thirty years we've jogged along the rugged road of life, An' mother, you have bin to me a true and noble wife— Our old revival love haft flickered out a bit, An' though we're gettin' old an' gray, we're them same lovers yet, Your kisses now are just as sweet, an' full o' heavenly dew, As them you give me at the gate when I war' courtin' you, An' we will be lovers when I lef' you to my brest, "Whar the wicked cease from troublin', an' the weary are at rest."

She Ain't Built that Way.

A girl may join in the laugh of a boy,
She may roam by his side all day
But she can't climb a tree with the same sang
froid.
Because she ain't built that way.

A girl can and have lots of fun,
And play with the boys all day;
But she can't carry marbles in the pockets of
pants,
Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may run and a girl may jump,
And play at lawn tennis all day,
But she can't slide bases as a ball player can,
Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may dance and like every chance
Of playing it off rather gay.
But she can't throw a flap without a mishap,
Because she ain't built that way.

A girl may be foolish or she may be wise,
Not caring what neighbors says;
But she can't shove her pants in the top of her
boots,
Because she ain't built that way.

Break it off and let it Stay.

Put your arms around me darling,
Kiss my cheeks until they blush,
Tickle me until I tremble,
If I murmur make me blush.

Draw me close to you darling,
Put your arms beneath my dress,
Take me to your bed-room dear one,
Give me what I love the best.

Give it to me neatly darling,
Rip me open if you can,
Draw me close to you darling,
What is life without a man.

Push it into me darling,
You can please me if you try,
Keep it up a little longer,
Do it soon and let it die.

Drive it up into my belly,
Fuck me until I faint away,
Try and tear my cunt wide open,
Break it off and let it stay.

"Sunday School Union."

NOW DON'T—OH, DO.

Oh, quit—get out ? now don't ;
I really wish you wouldn't !
Oh, quit—you hurt me; stop !
You know I said you couldn't.
O ! you've got it in—do stop !
You shan't have any more ;
You've got (oh, stop, it hurts)
What no man got before.
Oh ? take it out, now do, oh, don't ;
You've got my legs all bare—
Oh, take it out : no, keep it in.
Now, push it—Oh, there, THERE,
T—H—E—R—E ! ! !

Fucking on the Delaware.

When on the beach together we sat,
To have a little social chat,
Soon to hug me he began,
And in my bosom his hand he ran,
I could not resist, I do declare,
So he felt my bubs, "on the Delaware."

My petticoats, he began to lift,
And soon, his hand was beneath my shirt,
With kisses sweet, and nature warm,
He promised fair he'd do no harm.
The temptation was great, and to my surprise,
He put his hand beneath my thighs;
To keep my secret, he did swear,
And he felt my cunt, "on the Delaware."

He took my hand and what a shock !
He placed it on his long stiff cock,
I felt its stiffness, and its strength,
Twelve inches, seemed to be its length,
And just below there, hung the bags,
As large, as seen anywhere,
Hung between these legs, "on the Delaware."

He pulled it out, and at me did shake it.
I feared it. Yet I thought it best,
As I had the chance, to stand the test;
He laid me down, and then he tried,
To put his prick, between my thighs,
And rested his head, between the hairs.
That curled my cunt, "on the Delaware."

I opened my thighs, for Oh ! Oh ! I loved it.
And gave him a chance, further up to shove it,
As every stroke, in me was driven,
I prayed more power to him be given,
My cunt felt good, and just above it,
He soon had not an inch to spare,
For I took it all in "on the Delaware."

He shoved it up so firm and strong
You could not tell to whom the bags belonged;
He pushed it quickly out and in,
I pretty soon began to spin.
I could not resist, I did my share
Of fucking "on the Delaware."

He then began to blow and grunt,
And firmly pressed it further up my cunt.
He kissed me sweet, and how he sent it,
Oh ! how delicious, we both sent it.
It felt so good we did not stop
Till he had spent his last sweet drop.
We both had all that we could bear,
Of fucking "on the Delaware."

When I got up, I began to think,
How close I was to Mais briuk;
I resolved and swore in vain,
From ever doing this again.
I knew it was wrong,
I felt ashamed and swore,
Hereafter to beware,
Of fucking "on the Delaware."

In an hour or two
I began to feel that an inch or more
I would like to steel, I buried
And looked and low with head bowed down
If not entirely dead, the prick that was so soft
and strong,
Was dead and not two inches long
I then set down in deep despair,
Of using it again "on the Delaware."

"Sunday School Union."

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in society pasture without any yoke on them. They marry and have children before they have moustaches. They are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck, if there was a law against young galoots sparkling and marrying before they had cut all their teeth we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way. But there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of lath to build a hen house. But they see a girl that looks cunning, and they are afraid there are not going to be enough to go round, and then they begin to spark real spry, and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relations they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook stove or a bedstead they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he does not run too. And when the doctor gets there there is not linen enough in the house to wrap up the "kid."

A POEM.

—30.—

A precocious youth being asked how many animals were in bed with a newly married couple, replied in the following poetic strains.

One night after having paraded the streets,
These animals met between one pair of sheets,
Two deers, four calves, two asses, two bears,
One game-cock, one monkey, and two nests of hairs.
The dears and the hairs stretched down from the head,
While the calves ranged themselves near the foot of the bed,
The rest of the animals all lay in pairs,
But the game-cock and monkey who slept with the hairs

Whilst most of the animals slept without fear,
The bears and the asses so frightened the deer,
That in rubbing together sometime in the night,
The game-cock and monkey got into a fight.
The game-cock soon found himself highly enraged,
And the monkey lay quiet though somewhat enraged,
For she knew that the game-cock whose gills were so red,
After spending his fury would then hang his head.

The monkey was sly and concluded to lay,
Till the game-cock beat his brains out and then leave her
own way,
She winked her one eye and slyly said,
If no fuss would suit me with the beasts in the bed,
the rest of the animals took sides in pairs,
For fear of some damage being done to the hairs,
And though all were engaged of all sizes and classes,
All the blood that was spilled was between the two asses,
With the scrubbing and picking and all the rest of it,
It is very uncertain who got the best of it,
But the monkey, whose strength had not suffered much
shock,
Commenced again picking a fuss with the cock.
There was blood spilt this time and with so little pain,
And the last battle closed though the monkey was tame,
Very much like the first with a simple drawn game.

101st Annual Afternoon Moonlight Excursion

OF THE

General Order of Keg Drainers

SUNDAY, JANUARY 42nd, 1967 TO DELIRUM GROVE,

ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM FOG ISLAND.

TICKETS FREE.

CHILDREN HALF-PRICE.

Orphans Accompanied by their Parents Not Admitted.

At an enormous outlay of persuasion promises, wind, &c., the Steamer Tomato Can and the two large and commodious slide bottom barges **STUMPS & BUTTS** have been chartered for the occasion and will leave foot of Distillery Alley at 13:35 P. M., punctually precisely; all not on board will please run after the barge. Life Preservers can be had at **LUTE CARLE'S SAMPLE ROOM**.

MUSIC BY THE WHITE BEANS FULL BAND. DANCING COMMENCES AT 17 P. G
COMMITTEE:

The following gentlemen have volunteered to make things as disagreeable as possible:
GIN FIZZ. **BRANDY SMASH.** **TOM GIN.** **RYE WHISKEY.**

N. Q. If the Excursion proves favorable the weather will be postponed till the next fair day before and due notice will be given in last week's papers.

Q. Z. The police boat Shivery Shake will accompany the excursion to prevent the return and landing of any of the excursionists.

At Lake Shore Hotel. in "90!

No. 1.

Came all ye jolly Maidens I know you are not few
 I will tell you of one
 Whose name is Hattie Drew
 She fell in love with a colored lad
 His name to you I'll tell
 For he writes to Hattie Drew.
 That works in the Lake Shore Hotel.

"No. 2."

Where they played in the city
 It was on a Christmas day
 He was a leader in the colored band
 And gallantly did play
 In marching down frosty street,
 To cut such a swell
 That he captured the heart of the chamber maid
 That worked in the Hotel

"No. 3."

While they were out parading
 It was for a little while
 When they came back to dinner
 This darky was all smiles
 He cast his eyes at Hattie
 And her heart did overflow
 Thinking she had made a match
 Of all others but colored Joe.

"No. 4."

He wanted to make engagements
 But of that she could not think
 For she promised to meet a barbers
 Over at the Skating Rink
 When he found he could not meet her
 He asked for her address
 Said he my Dearest Hattie
 Of all others, I love you best.

When they played in Oswego.
I was in the month of December
His name it is Joe Davis
Which I wish you to remember
I told you a while ago

(20)

His name to you ~~he~~ I'd tell
And he writes to little Hattie
That works in the Hotel

"To 6."

The letters they come frequently
Of course they were not few
They ran a sweet attack of toothache
Darling I am infatuated with you
Come to Binghamton on New Years day
I'll give you a good time
I will fix it so no one will know your business
Darling — mine
"To 7."

I will pay all expenses
And see you are not broke
You may think that I am fooling
But indeed this is no joke
Poor Hattie being so foolish
Believed all ~~Joe~~ said was true
And was asking Hattie Murry's advice
What was best for her to do.
"To 8."

Well of course she did not hear the advice
That Hattie Murry did give
For we are working on the plan
Of the quietest way to live
Now we heard about the letters
That would not do to tell
For of course you'll find out every thing
When you work in a Hotel.
"To 9."

Now the fate of that poor damsel
You all can plainly see
She will be shunned by all white boys
Wherever she may be
They will laugh and sneer when shes near
And Hattie will wear a smile
They will say she goes with a darky
And you bet she is not my ~~right~~
Sunday School Un.

Pricks Meditations.

They may talk of the beauty of
 Of boughs and stars,^{No. 1.}
 Of sunlight, of moonlight, of flutes,
 and guitars,
 Of their castles of stone, of their
 temples of brick;
 But give me the tones that back
 up a stiff prick.

And give me the girl that opens her
 thighs,
 With your tongue in her mouth, she
 rolls up her eyes,
 With her strawberry bosom upheaving
 in front,
 Her round belly smooth to the hairs of
 her cunt.

Who locks both of her legs in the
 small of your back,
 And guides your prick gently right
 up in her crack,
 When it glides in as slick as a snake
 in the grass,
 While your bollocks lie snug in the
 cheeks of her ass.

Who plays up so gently, at first and so
 slow,
 And presses you close to her "bubbies"
 of snow,
 Who quickens and strengthens her stroke
 at each pass,
 Expanding her thighs and contracting
 her ass.

At the strokes of your piston compel
her to grunt,
And your prick tightens up all the
space in her cunt;
Like lips that have tasted pessimumous
not ripe,
Her "bung-hole" is suckered as hard
as ~~old~~ ripe.

No. 6.

Then she squeezes you close, and plays
up more quick,
Jabs a little more stronger at
the jab of your prick,
Till a thousand electrical wires
unseen,
Send your prick in and out, like
a sewing machine.

No. 7.

Her bosom swells higher, her breath
comes more quick,
She tumbles beneath every stroke
of your prick;
Yet clasping you close, and more
tight jab each jab,
She commences to "spend" as she
feels your hot jab.

No. 8.

Half fainting, and gasping beneath
the last stroke,
She closes her eyes and patiently
soaks;
Till your spirits, overflowed, beginning
to flag,
You pull out so limber and
loose as a rag.

No. 9.

And carefully dangles them up twice
your legs,
As cautious in hand as a pair of
new eggs,
Then she takes the old fellow close up
by the throat,
And gently sinks down his loose
fitting coat.

No. 9.

Show your love from her breast to her
pillows so fair.
And to lay by her side, and to
toy with her hair,
Her eyes half closed beneath the
soft shading lash,
So mellow, soon kindled anew with
a flash.

No. 10.

And her spirits riving, her hand,
very quick,
Slides soft along and takes hold of
your prick;
And with her soft fingers, she
daintly doth take,
The head in her hand, as if
touching a snake.

No. 11.

Then she nbs it a little, and pulls
the skin back,
Which droopingly hangs, so wrinkled
and slack,
She clasps her soft fingers around
it with ease,
Gives a few gentle nbs and a
dainty squeeze.

No. 12.

Till under the pressure and warmth
of her hand,
The cord begins swelling, the head
to expand,
Rubs a little more, gives a
circular wag,
And steadily takes up your nuts
in their bag.

And carefully dangles them up 'twixt
your legs,
As cautious in hand as a fan
of new eggs,
Then she takes the old fellow closer
up by the throat,
And gently strokes down his
loose fitting coat
No. 14.

Grows harder and stronger, savage
and thick,
Till he hardens and stands a
magnificent prick;
Then with ravishing kisses you
cover her face,
The smooth, naked waist with
your arms you embrace.

No. 15.

From her juicy red lips, sweet
kisses you suck,
And part the long hairs ~~on~~
her crust for a prick;
Till the red pouting lips are
laid open and bare,
Like a brilliant gross rose imbedded
in hair,
Then she laughingly opens her
thighs for your pin,
And tells the old fellow, now
"Semmons," go in.

"Sunday School Union"

A NEW DEPARTURE.
Improved Cultivator and Plow
COMBINED.

- 1st. It goes in full depth.
- 2d. You can ride it if you wish.
- 3d. When properly used the point does not wear off, but becomes harder when entering the soil.
- 4th. It should not be used too long at one time, if so the timber will draw and then it will become too soft for use.
- 5th. It plants its seed deep when the soil is suitable.
- 6th. The planter never becomes clogged when in motion.
- 7th. It is adjustable in size, and works so easily that a girl of 18 can use it without any trouble.
- 8th. Warranted to work if properly tested.
- 9th. It can be used as a churn and furnishes its own cream.
- 10th. The sack in which the seed is carried is so neatly fitted that when emptied it refills itself in a short time.
- 11th. All grangers in good standing have adopted them, and their wives will not keep house without one on the premises. It is impossible to live happily and contented without it.
- 12th. They will last a lifetime without being repaired if used on the owner's farm. Rented grounds is liable to be foul and corrode the plow and render it unfit for use.
- 13th. The rules of the grangers prohibit any member from running his planter in his neighbor's soil without consent of his wife.
- 14th. The Grand Master will furnish widows and old maids with the planter, and try it for them. If they do not like it they need not take it.
- 15th. Each granger and his wife are allowed to manufacture as many as they choose.

NO ROYALTY CHARGED. PRICE \$2.50.

AGENTS WANTED.

Come Girls, 10 O'Clock,

P

and go. to bed.

26

A VERY BASHFUL MAN.

Senator Sebastian, of Arkansas, was a native of Hickman county, Tennessee. On one occasion a member of Congress was lamenting his bashfulness and awkwardness. "Why," said the senator from Rackensack, "you don't know what bashfulness is. Let me tell you a story, and when I get through I will stand the bob if you don't agree that you never knew anything about bashfulness and its baneful effects. I was the most bashful boy east of the Alleghanies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden; but for all that I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides and the old folks saw the drift and fixed it up. I thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lout, about nineteen years old. She was an intelligent, refined and fairly well educated girl in a country and at that time when the girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far as I could have it put off. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time drew near, and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal.

"The dreadful day came. I went through with the programme somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of way, like an automaton booby, through a supper where I could eat nothing, and through such games as 'possum pie,' 'Sister Phoebe,' and all that sort of thing. The guests, one by one departed, and my hair began to stand on end. Beyond the awful curtain of Isis lay the terrible unknown. My blood grew cold and boiled by turns. I was in a fever and then an ague, pale and flushed by turns. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in the barn, leaving for the West never to return. I was deeply devoted to Sallie. I loved her harder than a mule could kick; but that dreadful ordeal I could not stand it. Finally the last guest was gone the bride retired, the family went to bed, and I was left alone with the

old man. 'John,' said he, 'you can take the candle; you will find your room just over this. Good night, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' and with a mischievous twinkle in his gray eye the old man left the room. I mentally said 'Amen' to his 'Heaven help you,' and when I heard him close a distant door, staggered to my feet and seized the farthing dip with a nervous grasp. I stood for some minutes contemplating my fate, and the inevitable and speedy doom about to overwhelm me. I knew it could not be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. I stood so long that three love letters had grown on the wick of the tallow dip and a winding sheet was decorating the side of the brass candlestick.

"A happy thought struck me. I hastily climbed the stairs, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that holy chamber, where awaited me a trembling and beautiful girl, a blushing maiden 'clothed upon' with her own beauty and modesty, and her snowy robe de nuit. I would make the usual preparation without, blow out the light, open the door and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty and horror of the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman, altogether consisting of disrobing, and owing to scarcity of cloth in those days man was somewhere near the Adamic state when he was prepared to woo sweet sleep. The dreadful hour had come. I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door knob with a deadly grip and a nervous clutch; one moment and it was over sure enough. I leaped within, and there around a glowing hickory fire, with candles brightly burning on mantel and bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by her six lovely bridesmaids. Keno!"

OHNSORS



BORING FOR OIL.

You may talk of excitement so scarce and so rare,
Or of a band of winter-falls done up in hair,
But you will not listen to me for awhile
Till relate my adventure while boring for oil.

I went to a city, that place of renown,
I roved wide in a country, prospecting the town,
Prospecting the ground, and prospecting the soil,
Till I found a spot to go boring for oil.

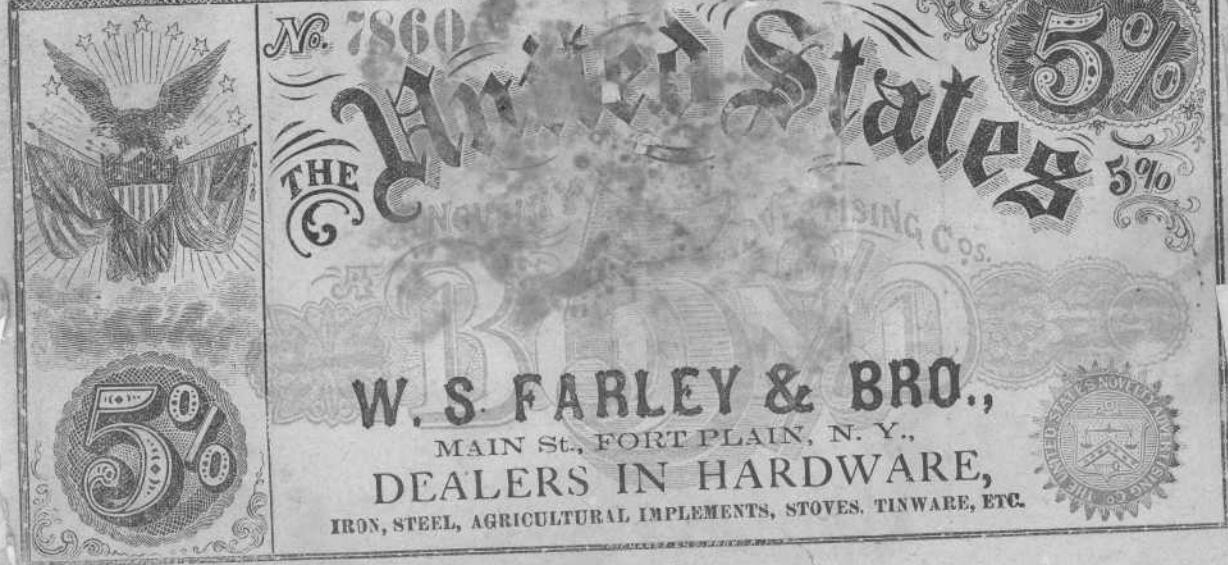
In evening while rambling I met a fair maid,
And unto this damsel I gently did say
I'll bore there, until I'm willing to toil,
If I know of a spot to go boring for oil.

She smiled as she said, well now I declare;
I know of a spot and have watched it with care,
And in one has seen it since I was a child,
Till you will bore there you will surely strike oil.

Say I to myself, my fortune is made;
To go to the spot I'll see you well paid,
There I'll strip her garments for fear they would soil,
And I'll bore on the spot to go boring for oil.

I had this done, one hundred times ore,
To go to the spot I'll see you well paid,
There I'll strip her garments for fear they would soil,
And I'll bore on the spot to go boring for oil.

I had not less than six inches or so,
And the oil did well it freely did flow,
She called me a scoundrel, my character spoiled,
And you may well say kidneys, while boring for oil.



Bank of Ireland

THE BEARER
TO PURCHASE
GOODS

PHILIP T. STONES
POPULAR
TEA STORES

AT ANY OF

MY STORES

N 97346.

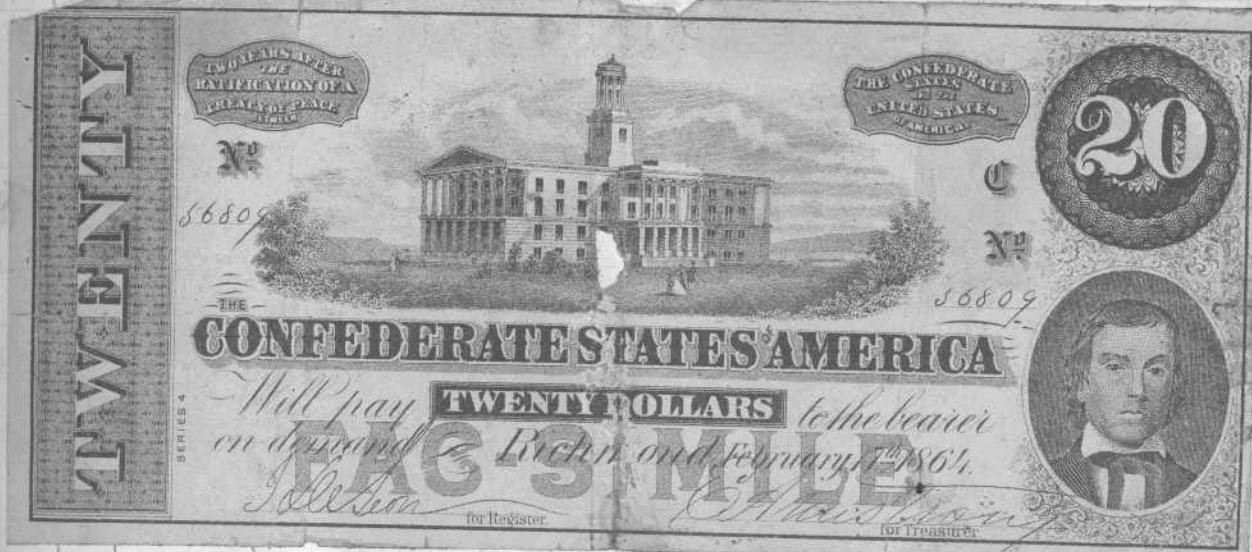
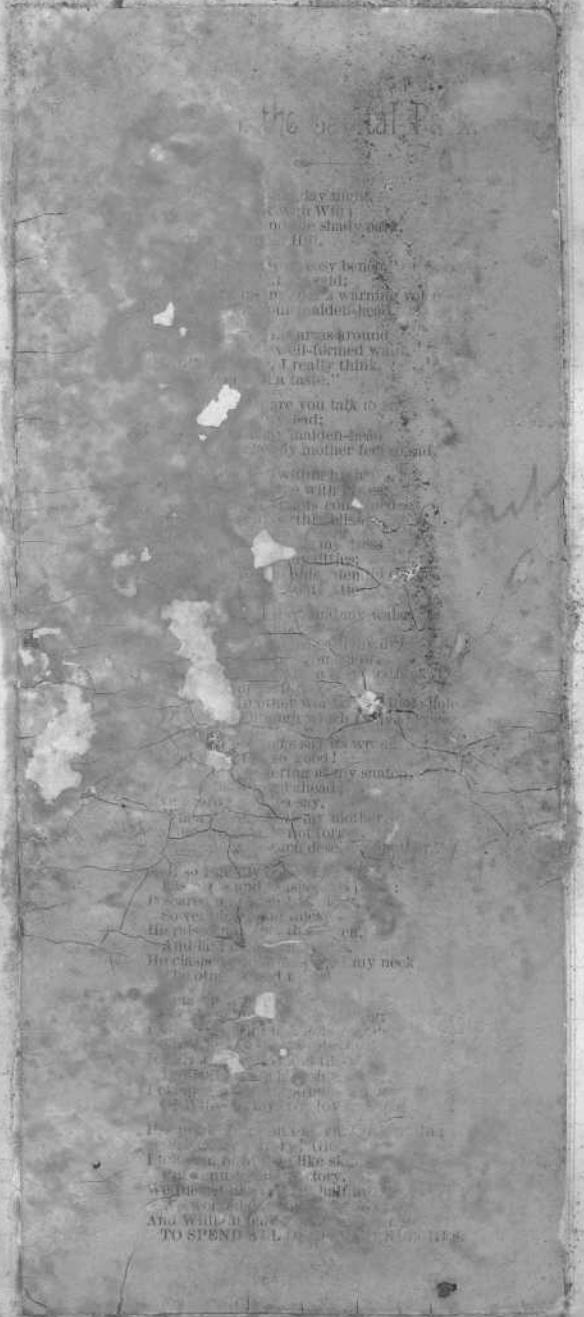
E. D. SLATER PRINT.

9
Philip Stones
COMPETITION DEFIED

3



28



29

THE REHEARSAL.

I am thinking dear Will of you and of merry days gone bye;
The old church, where oft we sang together, you and I.
But thoughts of one rehearsal night, will constantly arise,
Till "I can read my title clear, to mansion in the sky."

I am thinking of that rainy night, the rest had hurried home,
And we in Deacon Foster's pew, were sitting all alone;
You were seeking then dear Will, "but not of things above,"
The length the depth, the breadth, the hight, of everlasting love.

And I was on the anxious seat, uncertain how to move,
With in thy arms of love's embrace, thy constancy to prove,
And, oh! the promises you made, you were my own dear Will,
What peaceful hours I once enjoyed—how sweet their memory still.

Oh! what sweet words of love you spake, and kissed away the tears,
And how I trembled at the thought, lest some one should appear;
But when you turned the lights all out, to guard against surprise,
"I bid farewell to every fear, and wiped my weeping eyes."

When you fixed the cushion's up, and I reclined at ease,
The pulpit pillows neath my head, and you on bended knees,
With your warm kisscs on my lips, how could I stay your hand,
The veil was lifted, and by faith, you saw the promised land.

And, oh! what rapturous feeling thrilled every nerve, and when,
I cried "oh Lord, my heart is touched," you shouted out, "Amen;"
My very soul was all ablaze, I thought that I could see,
The land of saints delight, the heaven prepared for me.

I thought a chance to keep, I had with mingled fear and shame,
How anxiously I watched, dear Will, till I came round again;
In my distress I ~~hastily~~ stote to check the willing tears,
The gracious blood flowed freely forth, and conquered all my fears.

But that was many years ago, and I've no doubt that you,
Remember still that very night in Deacon Foster's pew;
And, oh! my first experience will ne'er forgotten be,
While down the stream of life we glide into eternity.

I'm married now, my husband thinks in me he has a prize,
Oh, me, where ignorance is ~~ill~~ diss 'tis folly to be wise,"
Of you dear Will he nothing knows, and as my heart's at rest,
And not a wave of trouble, waves across my peaceful breast.

3

Races at Palatine Bridge

PALATINE BRIDGE, N. Y., Oct. 25.
To the Editor of the *Turf Farm and Home*:

Saturday Oct. 24th occurred another colt race at the Palatine driving park which was good although it did not cause so much excitement as the last one. Ever genial Frank Bartlett hung up two blankets and a whip valued at \$20. Divided. No entrance.

H. Batsinger, Fort Plain, b. m. Alice,
F. Trask, Fort Plain, b. m. Mary Druse,
C. McCarthy, Fort Plain, ch. m. Flora
Temple,
L. Bielbauer, Canajoharie, b. g. Bowery
Boy,
M. L. Smith, Canajoharie, b. m. Dizzy,

The race was considered very even but Alice a big green 4 year-old outclassed them all and surprised every one by doing the first mile ever driven on a track in 3.01 and plenty of outside watches made it much faster but we take time announced from the judges' stand. In this heat Dizzy had a mishap which caused her retirement for the race. Mary Druse's driver lost the heat by napping Bowery Boy third. Flora fourth; second heat it was a fight between Alice winning by a length Mary second, Flora third, B.B. fourth; third heat again it Alice and Mary with B.B. coming strong at the half; Mary takes the lead on the turn lapped by B.B. Alice tangles up and is let go up alongside Mary who is also sent off her feet, both bad good and Alice beats them home but is set back for running. Mary, B.B. Alice and Flora in order time 3.02. Fourth heat Bartlett sets out with B.B. to give them all a surprise and succeeded in going to the front and staying there for over a half mile really giving away to Alice who beats B.B. home about one-half length. Mary Druse and Flora just making the last turn; judges time 3.02.

Please allow me to say it was a right hot heat and it belonged to neither until the last moment when the wire was reached. B.B. was driven this heat faster by seconds than ever before either in a race or in work and gives a good showing for Old Bart. Alice wins first prize. Mary Druse second, B.B. third. All seemed pleased and if the weather should remain good you can look for some more of this fun.

I understand Mr. Bartlett would like in the spring to arrange these races every two weeks and boys all get together and encourage the thing, it is good schooling for your colts and it brings benefit to you sooner or later, as it will be advertised and help to sell your colts and bring them before the public so they can be bought. Frank seems to please everybody and why not give him some little benefits as he is worthy, and I think you would have a hard matter to find a man better adapted for the position.

A FRIEND IN N.Y. IS A FRIEND INDEED.

31

Two boarding school maidens so charming and bright,
Had gone to their rooms to retire for the night,
When as young ladies do when they slowly undress,
Each others secret feeling did freely express.
Said Nelly the youngest a most luscious young dear
"I wish at this moment my Johnny was here,
For he is a darling a dear little duck
And I am most dead for want of a fuck."
She pulled off her drawers her chemise let fall,
And naked like Venus stood fairest of all.
With her sweet pretty bubbles so soft round and white.
Covered with their nipples so delicious to sight,
On her plump little belly like soft drifting snow;
The hair curling round in the valley below,
The soft mound of Venus rose plump right and left,
And showed partly open its venerable cleft.
Her friend now stood naked just in the same state
As Nelly. Her friends name was Kate.
Says Kate; "I'll play that I am a man
And give you a fucking the best that I can"
Says Nelly: "I'm with you but where is your prick?
Says Katie: "A candle will do for the trick,
I will put it in gently just the big end
And you wont know the difference till you spend,
"So lie down in bed and close both your eyes
And open the widest your beautiful thighs
But first I must blindfold you" sweet Katie said
Then oh! Nelly's lover sprang from under the bed
He had been hidden by Katie and was in luck
And just like Nelly half dead for a fuck.
His prick stood erect like a drum-majors stick
And seemed to burst right into her quick.
Extending his hand with his light finger tips,
He tickled her cunt just within its red lips.
Her bosom swelled up like the waves of the ocean,
And her ass moved rapidly in upward motion
He could stand it no longer not a minute could walt
But entered at once in loves blessed state
And shoved it up quickly clean up to the blit
Loves extract supreme in her belly was split
"Oh Katie" she says "Is it a candle I felt
That you stuck in my cunt to tickle and melt
I realy believe you have played me a trick
She pulled off the bandage and caught hold of his prick
She did not get angry or show any pain
But made it all right saying. "Fuck me again?
"No you don't" says Katie "you just had your turn
And I'll take him myself for my cunt it does burn."
She pulled poor Johnny on top of her belly
And he gave her a dose like the one he gave Nelly.
Poor Johnny had got himself into a bother
For they kept all night fucking one and the other
And when at daylight he took his last route
Saying "Ladies good morning my prick is played out."
And sprang out as he spoke from between them in bed.
Leaving their cunts all shining and red.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

Two boarding school maidens so charming and bright, had gone to their rooms to retire for the night, when as young ladies do when they slowly undress, each others secret feeling did freely express. Said Nelly the youngest a most luscious young dear "I wish at this moment my Johnny was here, for he is a darling a dear little duck and I am most dead for want of a fuck."

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"Sunday School Union."

33

WAGNER'S PUG

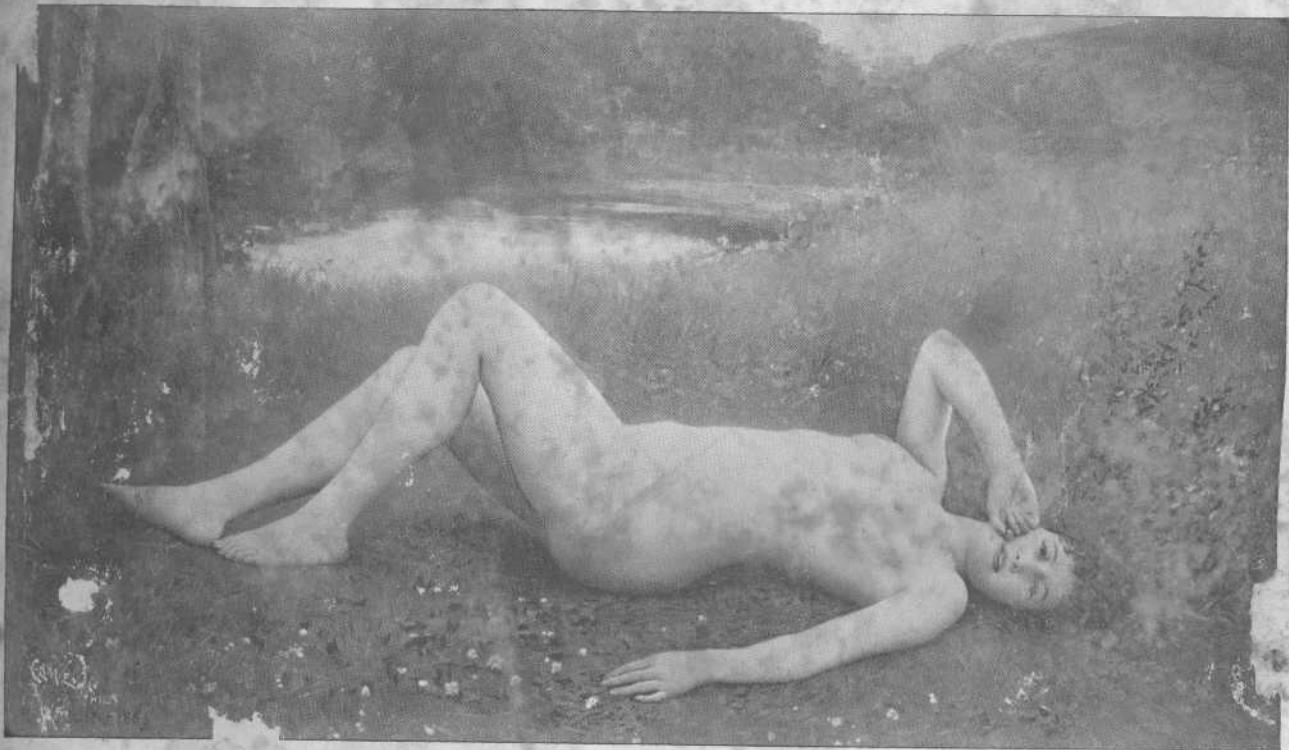


U. TH. BY WESCH & SCHMITT, NEW YORK.

TRADE MARK

SMOKE WAGNER'S PUG

W.M. M. MCKAY & CO., SUCCESSORS TO E. WAGNER.



FLOREAL.

Specimen of Ives' (half-tone) Process Engraving, from THE CROSSCUP & WEST ENGRAVING COMPANY, 911 Filbert street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. (See the other side of this sheet.)

The "frail sisters" of this village, havril got wind of the expected arrival of seveit, beautiful young whores from New Yont who's intentions were to destroy the legitimate business of fucking by introducing ion the Watertown market a smaller and more fascinating cuat than has formerly been seen, held a special meeting at which severx speeches were made and various cuuts eg hibited, after which the adoption of the red olution "not to be out-fucked by anything that wears hair" was made unanimous ang they decided upon the following:

TARIFF.

Common old-fashion fuck,	\$ 4.00
Wheelbarrow "	3.00
Tip of the McGullion,	5.00
French fucking,	3.00
Mouth "	6.00
" " not swallowing juice,	5.00
Rubbing on,	50
" " without change of hand,	1.00
Dog fashion with use of patent balls,	5.00

"AT LAST."

A gentle nun, who ne'er had strayed
 From convent walls, a totting maid
 Of three summers, they brought there,
 Had grown to womanhood, pious and fair.
 She could use her needle with dainty skill,
 And to charm those hours so long and still,
 She learnt with patient care to paint;
 And the pictured face of some grand old Saint
 Glanced from the canvas 'neath her hand
 But weary (f these one day she planned,
 A picture fairer than all beside,
 That she u'd be her master-piece and pride.
 She woul laid the Virgin Mother mild
 And in her arms the Holy child.
 So for many days she toiled and wrought
 Inspired by sweet and loving thought,
 Until, when the picture was all complete,
 From the hallowed head to the sandaled feet:
 Said she, "to the Abbess now I'll go,
 That she some word of praise may bestow.
 But she did not know that the sweet wee face,
 Held close to the mother's fond embrace,
 No charm of baby boy-hood bore;
 It was a little woman—nothing more.
 The Holy Abbess, seeing, smiled,
 And said, in gentle voice, "My child,
 The Holy Babe was a man-child born,
 Ruby and fresh as the waking morn."
 "But could they guess when so young and fair
 A sometime man was nestled there?"
 "Ah! daughter! the first faint breath before,
 And the mark still lingers when life is o'er.
 Then tell me, mother, that I may know,
 What spot or dimple or rosy glow,
 What curve of muscle, or sweep of limb,
 When seen on the man-child marketh him?
 Pray Heaven, my daughter, you may never
 know
 What spot or dimple or rosy glow,
 What wondrous shape in which he drew breath
 Marred the man-child for life or death."
 The Abbess went on her holy way,
 And the novice knelt in her niche to pray.
 But ever the thought disturbed her prayer,
 Truly her picture was wondrous fair,
 But the mark of the man-child was minus
 there.
 As she walked along the cloistered ground,
 Her heart, all at once, gave a sudden bound;
 For there was the garde aer, strong and young,
 Light of heart and brisk of tongue.
 She would ask if on brow, or breast, or limb
 The mark of the man-child showed on him.
 "Come to my room, come quick," she said,
 And tossing his spade on the garden bed,
 Toward her virgin shrine his feet he set,
 Where the picture leaned on the easel yet.
 "Is it fair?" she asked, and he answered low:
 "Tis a pretty picture, as you well know,
 But it isn't the Virgin Mother of Joy,
 Bless your sweet heart, her babe was a boy."
 "How know you?" "Why, every spaldeen
 knows that."
 With a puzzled look, says the laughing Pat.
 "Then tell me, and show me, or I will say,
 That to my room you forced your way,
 And I'll make you lose your place this day."
 'Twixt fun and frolic, fear and pain,
 With an Irishman's blood on fire in each vein,
 And a pretty girl asking a thing like that,
 "Now, what's fellow to do," says Pat.
 One moment he paused, then aside he drew
 His leather belt and his blouse of blue,
 And the mark of the man-child was brought
 to view;
 She opened wide her dark, brown eyes,
 And gazed with wonder and sweet surprise,
 On the mystical, magical, long-sought prize.
 Then she closed her eyes and knew no more.
 She had seen the mark the man-child bore.
 Long years went by and the novice strayed
 From the cloistered walls in the convent shade;
 And fair-haired daughters and brave-browed
 sons
 Told her her work in this world was done—
 But the Abbess found in the dim old room
 A picture covered in dusk and gloom.
 She drew it forth to the light of day,
 How well she remembered the colors gay
 The sweet-faced mother, the baby fair,
 But the mark of the man-child was there—
 One look of horror the Abbess gave,
 Then a smile slipped o'er her face like a wave,
 And raising both hands above her head,
 "My God! its Pat's!" was all she said.

36

CIGAR LABELS.

AND HOW THEY GOT A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER INTO TROUBLE.

"The fact is, boys," remarked a well-known travelling man, "it will never do to carry a letter when you are fooling around dimity."

"Did you ever get caught?" spoke up a man with a rent in his breeches.

"Yes. I used to call on a young lady in Hopkinsville, and—now this must not go any further."

"By no means!" and all spoke in chorus, "Go on."

"Well, I thought considerable of the girl, and I afterwards became satisfied she was considerably 'gone' on me. Trip before last I made it a point to remain in town over night, and at about 9:30 o'clock I called at the residence, having previously sent a boy around to inform her. I was met at the door by as pretty a girl as Kentucky ever produced, and was greeted with such a pair of bright and dancing eyes as no hour ever possessed. We had hardly been seated before she began going through my pockets in a mischievous manner. I had several letters which I did not want her to see, that I had left in my sample case, knowing her curiosity and pick-pocket proclivities from former occasions. I had received a letter from the house regarding my line of goods by the late mail, and fearing nothing I put it in my pocket. She found it. I told her it was a business letter and would not interest her."

"Did it?" inquired one of the hearers.

"Didn't it? Here's the letter."

DEAR JIM: You don't seem to think enough of "Jessie," keep her "away up," for I tell you she is straight goods. I don't go much on your "Little Pride," for even the "Lovely Lass" is far superior and you know I always thought the aforesaid "Lass" a fraud. You may also *push* "My Beauty" and "My Sweet Lips." You are not doing enough with either though your continually freezing to your "Little Pride." The "Southern Belle" is taking among traveling men, but she is hardly light enough for the old-timers. Business is good at home. Chew "Bright Eyes," and then tell me what you think. Yours in haste, HARRY.

"She glanced over the letter, screamed—they all scream—and then she cried—they all cry. As soon as she could catch her breath, with suppressed anger and disappointment, mixed in equal quantities, she addressed me, who was in entire ignorance of the cause:

"'You base wretch! You deceiver! You professed affection for me and at the same time have a troop of female admirers, and whose affections, no doubt, you return! Your 'Jessies,' 'Little Prides' and 'Lovely Lasses'! I do not know who Harry is, nor I don't want to know, but he must be a nice gentleman, truly, when he wants you to *push* his 'Beauty' and his 'Sweet Lips.' Oh! you horrid dissembler. But I could stand all but the last line: 'Chew Bright Eyes and tell me what you think.' 'Oh!'

"She flopped in the center of the parlor," continued the cigar man, "and the fall aroused the family. The old lady came running in in her night clothes, and the old man had nothing on to speak of except a shotgun and a load of astonishment which changed to vengeance when he saw his daughter in hysterics on the carpet. There were no two horns to the dilemma, and I grabbed the only one and my hat at the same time, and I left the town on a midnight freight, and have not visited the place since."

A Big Brick House in Georgetown.

Johnnie came to our house,
And I thought he came to see me;
But instead of that the son-of-a-bitch,
He came there to deceive me.

CHORUS:—

Gone again! tu-ri-al-ling, gone again,
A big brick house in Georgetown.

He caught me round the slender waist,
And on the bed he threw me;
And the darnedest thing you ever did see
He pulled it out and showed me.

'Twas then he entered my old gaff,
Threw snot all over my liver.
He turned my shit bag upside down,
And he made my small guts quiver.

It was between the hours of 12 and 1,
When he began to linger,
Said I young man do better than this,
Or I'll finish it with my finger.

He got up and pissed and shit,
And I got up and farted,
He went away pretty well fucked,
And that's the way we parted.

37

THE RULES OF THIS HOTEL.

Whetting on the premises is strictly forbidden as we have just secured a lot of suction-cunted chambermaids who will be furnished guests for \$2.50 per night.

When poodle-dogs are furnished to lap your balls during the operation an extra charge of fifty cents will be made.

No screwing in the house except by the Boss or by his permission.

Any person having crabs or other vermin will please vacate the house as it has all the bugs it can contend with.

No Fucking after 12 P. M.

Shitting in bed or on the floor is strictly forbidden.

Guests taken short in the night will do us a great favor by shitting in their boots.

Ladies' and Gents' afflicted with the clap will announce it on the Hotel register and leave their Photograph in the office.

As this is a temperate house guests are requested to piss in the water pitcher as it saves calling for cocktails in the morning.

Farting in sleep above a whisper is forbidden.

Ladies' are requested not to leave bouquets on the sheets as the chambermaids are well supplied with flowers.

"Sunday School Union."

AN EXPERIENCED LETTER.

Klondike City, K., March 30, 1899.

My Dear Teacher:—

When we parted on graduation day the promise we made at that time has never had an opportunity of fulfilling until lately. Mary Louis has been visiting here for some time. O! my dear teacher I shall never forget the glorious times we used to have when we strayed that old dillie around you and you made us feel that life still contained a little pleasure. How I used to scream with delight as I felt the hot milk penetrate into my mermost soul and imagine that nothing could be better. But now I know better. The days of probation have passed and I have been felt and fumbled all over. Last week I had a garden party, and my esteemed cousin Harry attended, stopping at my father's house all night. Mary and I retired to the privacy of our boudoir.

I was undressing and Mary was lying on the bed nearly stark naked when there came a knock at the door, and thinking it was my maid, I said, come in. Imagine my surprise when my cousin Harry walked in. My bosom was bare, and my shaves were exposed to his view. Mary was lying on the bed tickling her tulip. The blood rushed to Harry's face and I saw a sudden expression in the vicinity of his pocket book. With an Oh! Oh! darling he grasped me around the waist and commenced to fondle me in a very ungentlemanly manner, and rained hot kisses upon my lips and bosom. I could feel his hands fondling my moss-covered retreat, and I remarked oh! oh! Harry darling. The friction caused by his fingers coming in contact with my ruby retreat was more than flesh and blood could stand and as I felt the glorious sensation crawling down my spinal column and ending in a glorious gush I flung my arms around his neck and rained hot kisses of love upon his handsome face.

Gaining Mary's consent I invited Harry to spend the night with us. There was a door leading from his room into mine which was locked, but love has laughed at lock-smiths and we soon had it open. Harry retired to his room to prepare for the fray. He soon returned with his Alexander stiff and rampant as a war horse that smelt battle from afar. Rushing into the room he caught me around the waist and pressed his form closely to mine. I flung my arms around his neck and twined my legs around his, and placing his hands under my ass he probed my moss-covered bud.

Holding me in this manner he ran all around the room. Oh! my dear teacher experience can only tell the loving pleasure and the soul stirring delights of that moment. Harry began to grow dizzy and we sat down on the bed locked into each other's arms while he drove his war horse into my conservatory. Oh! Harry dearest I exclaimed as I felt his copious discharge penetrate in my womb's nest in a perfect deluge drawn from his efforts in the bliss of the moment.

I fainted, on recovering senses I took Harry's darling in my hand and caressed it, and I could feel the jewel expand and stoned under my soft caresses until it was ready again to storm the fort. It was now Mary's turn to partake of the blissful delights of the unsophisticated love. Mary sat on the edge of the bed and Harry caught her by the feet and swinging both her legs on his shoulder while I took hold of the rudder and steered it in a place of safety. I sat on the floor and held the mirror so that Mary could see the lovely serpent gliding in and out of her.

At the same time I was having a social rub with the stopper of my cologne bottle. As Harry increased his speed I increased my motion; and the excitement caused me to pend unexpectedly, and I dropped the mirror and caught Harry by the balls. Harry jumped, drew out his ebener in time to deposit a pint of luxery on Mary's snow white tulip. She was in a dead faint, actually intoxicated with pleasure. On recovering she soundly scolded him for throwing his charge away, as it is as good as spending twice as to have him spend in her once. Harry prorosed to go it double so he laid on the bed and he mounted her while I laid along side with my feet to her head. Harry took my ass in one hand and opening my thigh ran his tongue into my slit and sucked like an infant, while I tickled his balls with a hair pin. Oh, oh, oh, exclaimed Mary as she felt the hot fiery fluid or liquid of love as it ran in spasmodic quirts into her tulip while I ejected a lover's sperm over Harry's mustache. We then fired out and turned in with Harry's fidget in our slits and went so sleep.

But the next time I write I will tell you more as Mary and Harry have promised me a back scuddle tomorrow night. I little thought that when you and I did it by artificial means that nature had the best remedy for the disease. Hoping that you have enjoyed like privileges, I remain,

Your loving

MABLE.

They Will All Do It.

Some folks will cry,

It is a sin and a shame,
I wouldn't have thought it ~~matter~~ of you,
while other folks abroad they roam,
While it's staying at home they have enough
to do.

Oh Miss Smith says it's a sin,
That Brown drinks gin.

And habus Tally men from day to day
While she was caught, doing what
she hadn't ought, in self defence
it was hard to say.

"They will all do it, even to the flies
Upon the wall!"

"Oh, if they want a lark, they ~~should~~
have it in the dark, though they do
it though they say they didn't mean.
When creeping up the stairs comes
the old man on awair, and kissing
catches the couple in the act.
When the mother from above says do
not interfeare my love for you
can't dispute the most important fact.

"For they will all do it, and they will
all do it, even to the flies on the wall.

"For each give a little muff and inside
a little puff, has never seen without
out it night or day, and if a
moment I allow her, her pretty nose
she will powder, and if you ~~would~~
ask her she would presently exclaim
They will all do it, etc.

40.

Oh they have hats upon their heads
large enough to make a bed, with
pussy cats with kittens two or three,
and in their panniers to behind if examined
you would find the most important
papers of the day. Thus the Chronicle
and the ~~Times~~, ^{Times}, the ~~Chimes~~, the Telegraph,
and the Times, or anything that
chances to pass that way.

For they will all do it, etc.

Oh chores our neighbor Sandy Brown
brought two lovely girls to town
and whose husband gets but one pound
per day, and you will often hear
him say if things go on in this
way we will have to lodge in
the Union for to seek. Thus the
girls into doctor and the nurse that will
drain his scanty purse and more
expences to defray! Thus you will
~~then~~ hear him say if things go
on in this way he gets into
a passion they will tell him
its the fashion. ~~For they will all~~
~~do it.~~

"Sunday School Union"

and sing joy him the truthful
day. ~~they will all do it.~~

Oh old women do declare that young
girls should never dye their hair, and again
with a strangle not their easy chair
with a chagrin.

✓ ✓

Key Hole in the Door.

1. We left the parlor early I think it was scarcely nine and by a happy fortune, her room was next to mine, resolved like old Columbus new region to explore I took a ~~snug~~^{snug} position by the key hole in the door.

2. Stooping down in silence while on my bending knees and passionately I waited to see what I could see, She first took off her collar and dropped it on the floor, I saw her stoop and get it through the key hole in the door.

3.

Fair Jessie poised to drop her full dress and other under garments, there was fifty more or less, to tell the truth exactly, I think there were a score, I could not count correctly through the key hole in the door.

4.

Then down upon the carpet she sat with graceful ease and drew her spottless linens above her snowy knees, the dainty sky blue garter on either leg she wore, it was a glorious picture through the key hole in the door.

She next went to the fire her
little feet to warm and nothing
but her chin to conceal her
lovely form. Says I take off that
chin. I ask to say no more, for
fie I saw her drop it through
the key hole in the door.

6.

Then up before the mirror this
lovely maiden stood a viewing
her rich beautys. These was
fier in my blood, my hair
stood like bushes upon an angry
boe. ye Gods I felt like jumping
through the key hole in the door.

Fair Jamie then unbound her libicated
chains. I felt like O'Suburkis as
if I had a hundred arms of course
I could not use them the key
I did not employ. Oh no I could
not embrace her through the
key hole in the door.

7.

She next took off her corset that
concealed her lovely bust. Those
rich and rounded billows all
crescent at the crest. as she gently
stood here I briefly cried in coue.
It was a lovely picture through
the key hole in the door.

8.

Then with nimble fingers to down her
pretty gown, and on the bed
fair Jamie prepared to lay her-
self down. I thought the bed
quite ample, at least one more
to hold, but I did not dare to
say so through the key hole in
the door.

continued.

Cov. Keyhole in the door.

Then down upon the pillow
she lay her pretty head,
The light she Extinguished
and darkness veiled the bed.
I knew the show was over,
for I could see no more,
So I varied my position by
the key hole in the door

11.

Come all young men of
science and strown your
eager eyes a gazing at the
planets that deck the ayea
skies, but there are greater
wonders than you dream
of in love for a telescope is
nothing to a key hole in
the floor.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1833.

My Dear Emma:—

I am most regret I promised you I would write you the morning after my marriage, my first night's experience of married life, but I know if you had been married first you would have fulfilled your promise to the letter; but it is the most difficult task I ever undertook, and especially at this time, when my whole being is still trembling and throbbing from the effects of last night's ordeal.

A few minutes after you bade us good-night we repaired to the depot in New York, and soon sped along at a rapid rate to Albany, where soon after our arrival Anna Blakely became Anna Armstrong. It was our intention to stay at Albany over night, but the hotels were crowded and we came on to Rochester and secured rooms at the Osborn house, where I am at present.

During our ride it seemed the glances of every one spoke plainly you are a bride. And when I saw a smile on anyone's face I fancied it said you are yet and untouched bride; of course this was a ridiculous fancy that possessed me—mere imagination. The evening passed very slowly away and about 9 o'clock, after a hearty repast, Harry suggested, as I was somewhat weary after the long ride, a better retire. Harry accompanied us to our room and with many fond caresses and caresses said he would go down for an hours smoke.

Oh, Emma! what feelings swept over me when alone, to think that in one short hour I should be in bed with a man, and submit myself to his caresses and have all the fancies of youth a reality, of my wandering put to an end regarding the marriage bed, and I became more anxious as I thought I should soon taste the sweets we so often talked about at the old seminary. I must have been unusually long undressing or Harry had cut his hour short, for I just slipped on my nightdress and removed my drawers when I heard his familiar footsteps in the hall. I hastily jumped into bed, and when he entered I endeavored to appear as unconcerned and composed as though it were you coming to bed. Harry locked the door and removing his coat, vest and shoes sat on the bedside a few moments and caressed me and called me his own, his darling, and many other flattering names. Finally he rose and turned off the gas he removed his clothes and placed himself beside me in the bed. The sensation of that moment Emma no woman feels but once in her life.

As he warmly clasped me in his arms and sealed my lips with kiss after kiss, and pressed my body against his own, my heart seemed to leap into my throat at each pulsation. I was burning with passion and throwing my arms around the dear one, I rapturously pressed him to my bosom. Soon he reached down and drew up my nightdress at the same time putting one of his legs between mine; this brought our naked bodies in contact, causing a maddening, intoxicating feeling, that overwhelmed me completely. And as he pressed me closer and closer I could feel his "great thing" palpitating against my thigh.

He moved his hand higher and higher, until he toyed with the hair about my "monkey." Just then he inserted his finger into my "orifice."

Emma I thought I should expire, my blood seemed to boil as it coursed through my veins, and my very being seemed ablaze with passion.

My arms and legs I threw wildly around him and I pressed his dear form with a vice-like embrace and kissed him with a closeness that must have plainly told him of my longing to have my passionate desire fulfilled, which had never been aroused to such an extent before. Accidentally my hand came in

contact with his "great thing" and there must have been something magnetic about it, for my hand not only remained on it but I pressed it warmly, and longed for it within me.

You remember dear Emma we used to talk about such things and how excited we became, and how we would hug and kiss each other and wish, and play it was a man we were hugging. Well Emma the excitement of those moments were tame and cold compared with mine last night, as Harry a man in deed and truth pressed his naked form, glowing with warmth against my own; it was a delirium of excitement, both of us were excited alike and I did not think of making any resistance when he placed himself on top of me, but my legs and arms were opened instantly and joyfully to receive him, it was beyond my power to control them. Oh, Emma! how I trembled with passion and desire as I felt the darling of my life in my arms, at last prepared to satisfy my longing.

Reaching down his hand he inserted the end of the "monstrous thing" in to my "orifice." It could not have penetrated more than an inch at first, before Harry was aware that it hurt considerably, that part not being used to such guests.

Consequently his entrance was a forced one, but I did not complain for I wanted it and was determined to suffer all pains that I might get all the bliss.

As he bore harder and harder he saw it pained me, and he ceased awhile for me to rest, only to renew his efforts.

At length after several futile attempts he succeeded in planting the whole of it in me. Oh, Emma! how I wished that his whole body was in me. After he had it firmly planted within me he stopped for a few moments for me to recover. Then he began to move it slowly backward and forward—if I had suffered at first a little, the intense rapture, the thrilling joy, the intoxication of my feelings than, made me forget it all.

Oh, Emma! never did I dream such blissful sensations, such soul entrancing delight, was in store for me. A flood of joy filled my whole being when I felt my darling in me, fully and completely. Every moment seemed to deepen my delight, it was the joy of a thousand lives, and it makes my pulses quicken as I write it.

Soon my darling's movement became quicker and mine kept pace with his. Deeper and more intense became the sensations of pleasure, and rapidly did he sheath his "monstrous organ" in my body. Quicker and shorter became his breathing and wildly, madly did I press him to my heart; madly I clung to him till a warm "emission" from him meeting one from me brought a moment of rapture so overpowering that I became insensible. I awoke with a keen sense of the delight I had enjoyed and as I found Harry's arms around me, I knew it was no dream, but a blissful reality.

Over and over we repeated our enjoyment through the night, and it fills me with delight to know such joys are in store for me through life.

I have tried to give you an idea of last night's enjoyment, but it is impossible for me to portray a single idea that is near the reality, especially while laboring under the longing for it, that I am at this moment. God grant you a speedy introduction to the state of matrimony, and may it prove as skillful as mine.

Don't marry a man too old, nor yet an unledged stripling, but a man in the full vigor of manhood, that he may be able to minister to you as Harry does to me.

Hoping this incite to my first night's experience will satisfy your ambitious ideas, I will close, with much love.

Your chum,

ANNA.

LOVELY SADIE.

(Tune—Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.)

Sadie is a lovely girl.
Sadie is a charming girl.
The hair on her cunt has a graceful curl,
The finest pussy in all the world.
To answer this question do not frown,
Remember Sadie is on the town;
'Tis said by some she will go down.
But what makes Sadie's asshole brown? Shit.
Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

Sadie is known the whole world over,
She's crammed our great and only Grover,
He hit her so much, to tell the truth,
It's a wonder she ain't the father of Ruth.
She crammed Jim Blaine, I don't know when,
She took a fall with Grandpa Ben.
On cramping Sadie has the call,
She's fucked every man in Tammany Hall.
Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

For breach of promise she was sued,
For biting the priek off the Skeleton Dude.
To cram Dr. Talmage once she tried,
She crammed Ben Butler till he got cross-eyed.
She'd cram a nigger, she'd cram a Guinen,
She raised her price on Bill McKinley.
With the Siamese Twins she had no bother,
While fucking one she sucked the other.
Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

She once fucked a man till he dropped dead,
She fucked all the hair off Dave Hill's head.
She gave Inspector Byrnes such a rub,
His priok got limber so he used his club.
She crammed all the actor's on Union Square,
She fucked Hugh Grant in the mayor's chair.
She fucked Boss Platt till he lost his power,
And she's laying for a whack at R. P. Flower.
Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

The doctor's wondered at Sadie's pluck,
They paid high prices to get a fuck.
She charged them \$20 at that,
To let them see the size of her "pratt."
They all were very much surprised,
At the hole in her belly's enormous size.
Her slit was as long (this is no fable),
As the crack in the middle of the Broadway cable.
Ta-ra-ra Boom-ta-ree.

A Blooming Bloomer Girl.

She was a new woman
None more so you'd see,
No matter wherever you'd go;
She was manish and bold
As ever could be,
Needing neither protection nor beau.
But her bloomers were flounced
And beribbomed so gay,
That they mixed up the opposite genders;
And how she retained them
We never could say,
Though it may have been with suspenders.

Her shirt waist was polished
And stiff as a board
While her collar loomed up ear-high;
And though very poor we
Could yet well afford,
To bet she wore her brother's tie.

She rode on her wheel
With a calm stately grace,
And an air of strong self-reliance;
Then a frost would o'erspread
Her classical face
As at chapples she hurled grim defiance.

In the home of this maid
Her muscular hands,
Ne'er stooped to the drudge of housework;
Yet she'd pedal her wheel
O'er gravel and sands,
And a century run never shirk.

She could pull a good ear
And quite lustily swim,
Or closing her eyes, shoot first rate;
She could throw a stone
With considerable vim,
But to save her it wouldnt go straight.

She was a high roller
And smoked cigarettes,
Always a sping stern man, in his humors.
She once scratched a match
Just to win a few bets,
On the slack of her full blooming bloomers.

Her mother was bent
'Neath years of hard toil,
While she was queen of the house;
Her nature was brave
Wicked man she would foil,
Still she'd faint at the sight of a mouse.

JOHN J. JOYCE.

22A, 30a.

8 Point De Vinne.

WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

When daylight dies and all the stars
Are rising in the sky,
I put all cares aside, my love,
And off to thee I fly;
For oh, unto the drooping flowers
No sweeter is the dew,
Than unto me thy winning smile,
And thy dear eyes of blue.

EXQUISITE SCOTCH BALLAD.

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her eye,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The following are some of the reasons
why females are not desirable applicants
for the position of Mail Carriers.

- 1—Because ladies carry no bags.
- 2—They are liable to miss-carriage.
- 3—They do not lock their boxes.
- 4—They take from seven to nine months
to deliver their mail.
- 5—They are liable to create hard feeling
by handling mail bags.
- 6—They are liable to get mail matter in
female drawers.
- 7—No more splits are required in this
town as the girls don't wear pants.

AY, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

POPULAR VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.

First Approximately Complete Table of the McKinley, Bryan and Palmer
Vote in the Whole Country—Reported to The World by the Secre-
taries of State from All States Where the Canvass Has Been Com-
pleted.

State.	Vote for President in 1896. McKinley.	Bryan.	Palmer.	Vote for President in 1896. Cleveland.	Hamlin.
Alabama	54,733	107,137	6,464	133,138	9,197
Arkansas	37,512	110,103	—	87,834	46,884
California	146,217	142,926	—	118,293	118,149
Colorado	22,785	151,970	500	—	38,620
Connecticut	110,288	56,724	4,334	82,395	77,025
Delaware	20,367	16,671	967	18,581	18,083
Florida	11,545	29,426	1,608	30,143	—
Georgia	60,091	94,232	2,788	129,361	48,305
Idaho	5,031	15,754	—	—	8,599
Illinois	606,577	462,753	12,000	426,281	399,288
Indiana	323,919	303,854	3,579	262,740	255,615
Iowa	287,192	219,356	2,000	196,367	219,795
Kansas	159,267	172,027	—	—	157,237
Kentucky	218,055	217,797	5,018	175,461	135,441
Louisiana	18,962	73,861	1,329	87,922	13,282
Maine	80,421	32,217	1,864	48,044	62,923
Maryland	136,978	104,745	2,507	113,866	92,736
Massachusetts	267,787	102,655	11,510	176,813	202,814
Michigan	251,100	201,250	8,750	202,296	222,708
Minnesota	193,455	139,477	3,209	100,920	122,823
Mississippi	4,849	55,933	1,021	40,237	1,406
Missouri	304,500	363,750	5,000	268,398	226,913
Montana	10,100	41,275	—	17,581	18,851
Nebraska	102,168	115,240	5,250	24,943	87,227
Nevada	1,756	6,751	—	714	2,811
New Hampshire	57,444	21,271	3,420	42,081	45,658
New Jersey	221,897	134,995	6,474	171,042	156,068
New York	795,271	543,839	18,829	654,868	609,350
North Carolina	155,222	174,488	578	132,951	100,342
North Dakota	23,325	18,175	—	—	17,519
Ohio	525,989	474,880	1,857	404,115	405,187
Oregon	49,216	47,102	1,049	14,243	25,002
Pennsylvania	728,300	427,127	11,000	452,264	516,011
Rhode Island	36,437	14,459	1,166	24,335	26,972
South Carolina	57,963	9,643	825	54,692	13,345
South Dakota	45,100	45,275	2,500	9,081	34,388
Tennessee	148,773	163,651	1,951	138,874	100,331
Texas (173 Co. comp.)	154,422	264,200	—	239,148	81,444
Utah	13,461	64,851	—	—	—
Vermont	49,456	9,739	1,268	18,325	37,992
Virginia	135,361	155,988	2,216	163,977	113,262
Washington	39,495	50,927	2,750	29,802	36,460
West Virginia	102,000	90,000	—	84,467	80,293
Wisconsin	265,656	162,609	3,000	177,335	170,791
Wyoming	10,073	10,389	—	—	8,454
Totals	7,050,516	6,221,552	138,570	5,556,913	5,176,108

Total vote cast 1896 (approximate), 13,579,638, including about 100,000
Prohibition votes and 50,000 Bryan and Watson votes.

COMPARISONS WITH PREVIOUS ELECTIONS FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS.

1896—McKinley's popular plurality (approximate).	829,064
1892—Grover Cleveland..... 380,810	1872—U. S. Grant..... 762,991
1888—Grover Cleveland..... 98,017	1868—U. S. Grant..... 305,456
1884—Grover Cleveland..... 62,638	1864—Abraham Lincoln..... 407,342
1880—James A. Garfield..... 7,018	1860—Abraham Lincoln..... 491,195
1876—Samuel J. Tilden..... 250,935	

This table shows the complete vote of all the States except three—Missouri, West Virginia and Texas—where the count has been delayed by contests. From most of the States the figures are official, the results being reported to The World direct by the Secretaries of States. New York's vote will not be canvassed officially by State officers until Dec. 15. The total Prohibition vote cast will not exceed 80,000. It was highest in Pennsylvania—19,274. In the seventy-seven counties of Texas thus far counted Bryan and Watson received 66,732. The total middle-of-the-road Populist vote will be about 100,000. The Socialist vote was smaller than in 1892. In many States none were cast.

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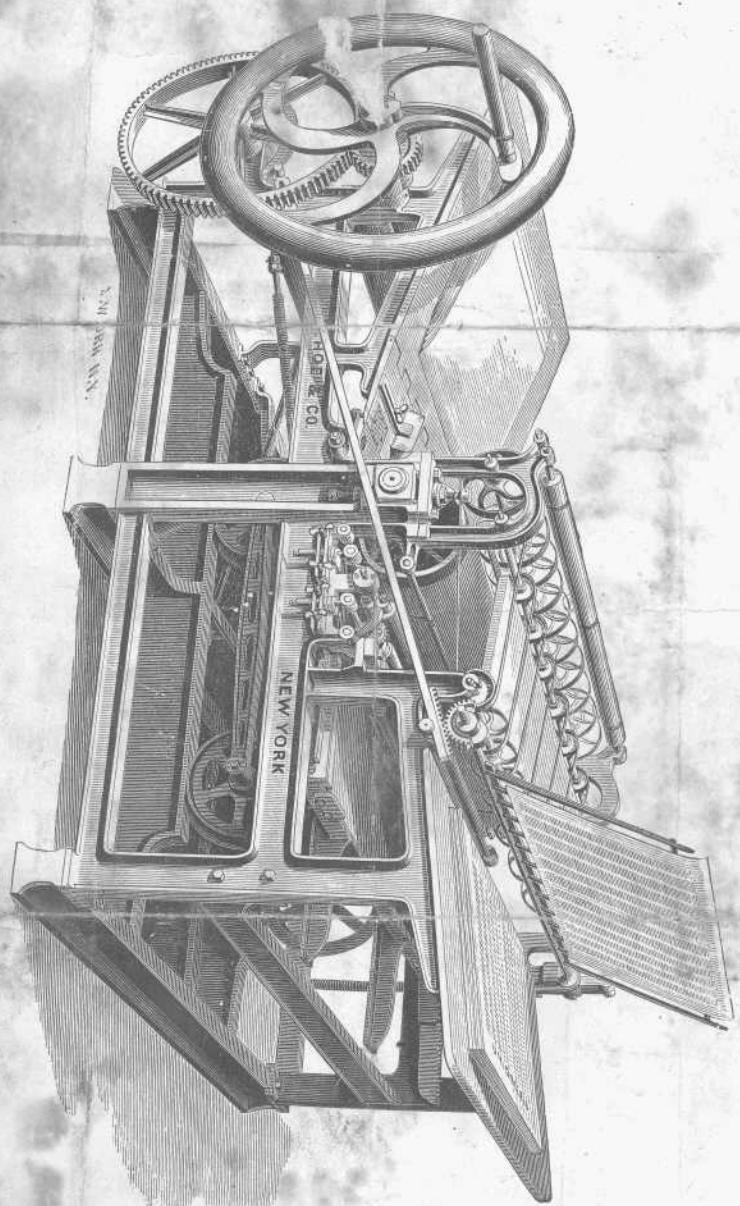
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How to parse the word Kiss.

Kiss is a noun both common and proper. It is a pronoun because she stands for it. It is a conjunction because it connects. It is a preposition because shows that the persons kissed are no relation. It is an interjection at least it sounds like one. It can be limited or unlimited, it is usually unlimited. It should be plural every time. It is an active verb and every kiss is complete. It is in possessive case for it can be given or received. It is also in the *clitic* case. It is in the neuter gender. It is the second or middle person, usually with a person at each end. It is positively superlative and not to be compared. It can take as object, but the object is sometimes taken by it. It is in the indicative mode, it indicates that the persons kissing like to kiss, and are expressing their affection for each other. It should and ought to be emphasized. Rule-It should be continued as long as possible and ended with a sigh.

230	236	216	240
226	232	234	238
248	242	248	250
236	230	250	232
240	248	222	254
210	212	214	254
234	242	214	230
246	246	212	230
240	248	240	254
232	220	248	240
2334	2356	2798	2420
			216
244	222	218	222
256	234	224	244
238	250	232	224
246	236	224	230
236	228	224	226
242	230	230	250
260	230	228	240
214	210	220	240
232	222	220	241
230	218	222	
2398	2274	2742	2333